

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

VOL. 52—No. 15.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mdlle. Tietjens—Debut of Signor de Reschi—Debut of Signor Giulio Perkins.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 11, will be performed (for the first time this season), Donizetti's Opera, "LA FAVORITA." Fernando, Signor Naudin; Alfonso XI, Signor de Reschi (his first appearance); Baldassare, Signor Giulio Perkins (his first appearance); and Leonora, Mdlle. Tietjens.

"Semiramide"—Extra Night.

MONDAY, April 13, will be performed (for the second time this season) Rossini's Opera, "SEMI-RAMIDE." Assur, Signor Agnesi (his first appearance since his late indisposition); Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdlle. Tietjens.

Fourth Appearance of Mdlle. Lodi.

TUESDAY, April 14, "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, Signor Naudin; Rigoletto, Signor Galassi; Monterone, Signor Campobello; Maddalena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Giovanna, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Gilda, Mdlle. Lodi (her second appearance in that character).

"Fidelio"—Extra Night.

THURSDAY, April 16, Beethoven's Opera, "FIDELIO." Florestano, Signor Urio; Pizarro, Signor Agnesi; Rocco, Herr Behrens (his third appearance); Il Ministro, Signor Campobello; Marcelina, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Leonora (Fidelio), Mdlle. Tietjens. Between the First and Second Acts the Overture to "Leonora" will be performed by the Orchestra.

Debut of Signor Rota—Second Appearance of Signor de Reschi. SATURDAY, April 18, Gounod's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Naudin; Mephistopheles, Signor Rota (his first appearance this season); Valentino, Signor de Reschi (his second appearance); Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Margherita, Mdlle. Alwina Valleria.

Mdlle. Tietjens—Third Appearance of Signor de Reschi—Second Appearance of Signor Giulio Perkins—Extra Night.

MONDAY, April 20, "LA FAVORITA."

Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Doors open at eight o'clock, the Opera to commence at 8.30. Prices—Stalls, 7s; dress circle seats (numbered and reserved), 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s.

Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at the Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, which is open daily from ten till five o'clock.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day (SATURDAY), April 11, TWENTY-FOURTH SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE of the Eighteenth Series. Commence at Three. The Programme will include:—Overture in C, from Op. 52 (Schumann); Symphony, No. 1, in C minor (Mendelssohn); Triple Concerto, for violin, violoncello, pianoforte, and orchestra (Beethoven); Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini" (Berlioz). Vocalists—Madame Noriny (her second appearance); Herr Noriny (his first appearance). The Swedish Ladies' Quartet. Violin—Madame Norman-Neruda. Violoncello—Signor Platt. Pianoforte—Mr. Charles Hallé. Conductor—Mr. MANNS, Numbered Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

THE FIFTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL at the CRYSTAL PALACE, JUNE 19, 23, 24, 26.

FOUR THOUSAND PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

The Subscription for Sets of Tickets (i.e., entitling to the same seat for each of the three days of the Festival), will open on April 11, when purchasers of Sets may also obtain Rehearsal Tickets.

The Subscription for Single Day Tickets will open on April 20. Offices, Crystal Palace, and at 2, Exeter Hall.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL PAMPHLET, containing full particulars of price of admission and reserved seats, is now ready, and may be had on application at the Offices as above.

TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.—SPECIAL

NOTICE.—The Ticket Offices at the CRYSTAL PALACE and EXETER HALL will be opened for the selection of SETS only on SATURDAY MORNING Next, at Ten o'clock. Applications by post will be attended to alternately with personal applications.

MISS PURDY'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on THURSDAY, the 7th May next. Address, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 11, will be performed (first time this season) Rossini's Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, Mdlle. Marie Marimon; Bertha, Mdlle. Corsi; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Tagliacoe; Fiorello, Signor Fallar; Sargente, Signor Rossi; and Almaviva, Signor Blume-Dorini (his first appearance in England).

On MONDAY next, April 13, Donizetti's Opera, "LA FAVORITA." Leonora, Mdlle. D'Angeri; Fernando, Signor Nicolini.

On TUESDAY Next, April 14, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA."

On THURSDAY Next, April 16, Rossini's Opera, "GUGLIELMO TELL." Mathilde, Mdlle. Sinico; Eduige, Mdlle. Scalchi (her first appearance this season); Jemmy, Mdlle. Cottino; Guglielmo Tell, M. Maurel; and Arnoldo, Signor Bolis (his first appearance in England).

On FRIDAY Next, April 17, Meyerbeer's Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Valentina, Mdlle. d'Angeri; Margherita di Valois, Mdlle. Marimon; Urbano, Mdlle. Scalchi; Conte di San Bris, Signor Capponi; Marcello, Signor Baggiolo; Raoul di Nangis, Signor Nicolini.

The Opera commences at 8.30. The Box office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from ten till five o'clock. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.—President, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.—Founder and Director, Herr SCHUBERTH.—Eighth Season, 1874.—The Concerts will take place on the following dates, viz.:

42nd Concert, Wednesday, April 23.
43rd do. Wednesday, May 27.
44th do. Wednesday, July 1st.

Prospectus is now ready, and may be had on application to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; and full particulars from H. G. Hopper, Hon. Sec.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT and Madame GILBERT'S CHAMBER CONCERT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WEDNESDAY next, April 16th, at eight o'clock. Madame Gilbert, Madame Martorelli Garcia, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Percy Rivers. Violin—Herr Straus. Violoncello—Signor Pezza. Pianoforte—Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Accompanist—Mr. Charles E. Stephens. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s. Family Ticket, 10s. 6d. At the Hall; or Mr. Alfred Gilbert, The Woodlands, 89, Maida Vale.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. ALBERT BAKER will sing (by desire) Ascher's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on the 11th inst., at the Sussex Hall Popular Concerts; and on the 14th at the Bermondsey Literary Institute.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. ARTHUR THOMAS will sing the above popular Song at Burdett Hall, April 14th; City, 15th; St. John's Wood, 16th.

CIGARS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

FINE HAVANA and MANILLA, 12s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 16s. 6d. per 100.
CHOICE DITTO DITTO 18s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 25s. 6d. per 100.

All Orders forwarded Carriage paid.

Terms, Remittance with Order.

Five per cent. discount allowed if 5 Boxes are taken.

HUDSON & HUTTON, ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.

ORGANIST.

WANTED, an ORGANIST and CHOIR MASTER, for the Church of St. Peter, Colchester. Salary, £40 per annum. Application, with testimonials, to be made to the Churchwardens, No. 10, High Street, Colchester, on or before the 22nd day of April, 1874.

MR. J. WILLIAMS will sing at Hatfield, on 16th April, Henry Smart's new Tenor Song, "THE ROSES I THOUGHT WERE MINE," and the popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce that he will return to London on May 10th. Address, Grand Hotel, Vienna.

REMOVAL.

MR. MAYBRICK begs to announce that he has REMOVED to No. 38, Langham Street, Portland Place, W.

REMOVAL.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT, Pianist (of M. Riviere's Concerts, Royal Italian Opera House), can now accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Soirées, &c. Communications may be addressed to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; or to Miss Lillie Albrecht, at her NEW residence 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

METZLER & CO.'S

MASON & HAMLIN AMERICAN ORGANS.

Illustrated Catalogues Post Free.

SOLE AGENTS—

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON.

NEW SONG.—"THE OLD TIME." By Mrs. WINDSOR CARY ELWES. The Words by G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE. Post free for 24 stamps. London: LAMBORN COCK, 63, New Bond Street.

THE NEW NATIONAL SONG, "LET THE HILLS RESOUND." Words by L. H. P. DU TERREAU. Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS. "There is no musical reason whatever why 'Let the Hills Resound' should not enjoy as much popularity as 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.'"—*Vide Musical World*. "The second great success of Mr. Brinley Richards."—*Graphic*. 3s.; free by post 1s stamps. The Part Song, 4 stamps. The Song, 1s stamps; Piano Solo and Duet, 24 stamps each. London: ROBERT COCKS & CO., New Burlington Street.

NOW READY.

"THE MARCH OF THE BLACK WATCH."

(42nd Highlanders.)

Composed and Arranged by **MICHAEL WATSON**.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED IN COLOURS.

Price 4s.

RANSFORD & SON, 2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus.

"ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH." Song. Words by MONTGOMERY. Music by the Rev. M. HAST. (Arranged by HENRI DE SOLLA.) Price 4s.—London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"AT MORN I BESEECH THEE."—Ancient Hebrew Melody, with Accompaniment for Piano or Harmonium. Words by S. GABRIEL (12th century). Extracted from the Collection of Sacred Hymns and Prayers, edited by the Rev. M. HAST and Professor MICHAEL BERGSON. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"EVENING." (Le Soir.) Duet for Tenor (or Soprano) and Contralto. (With French and English Words.) Composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT. Price 4s.—London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"GOD BLESS THE HAPPY PAIR." National Song. Words by H. NEUMEGEN. Music by A. W. NICHOLSON (Musical Director, Vaudeville Theatre). Price 4s. "With the advantage of some very pretty verses and a graceful accompaniment, this song, at the present time, bids fair to become exceedingly popular. Mr. Nicholson has proved himself, on many occasions, to be a composer of more than ordinary merit, and his present ballad will undoubtedly sustain his reputation."—*Dramatic Record*.—London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

ESPAGNOLIA.

BOLERO FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

BY

CHARLES OBERTHUR.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained, composed by C. OBERTHUR, "SI DOUX ET CHER," Poésie Musicale pour Piano, prix 3s.

Just Published,

TIP TOP GALOP.

BY

E. C. LLEWELLYN.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained, composed by E. C. LLEWELLYN, "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" WALTZES, price 4s.

Just Published,

"GOD BLESS VICTORIA'S SON."

NATIONAL SONG.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by J. E. MALLANDAINE.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

N.B.—"GOD BLESS VICTORIA'S SON" obtained the £20 prize given by HENRY NEVILLE, Esq., and is sung every night with immense applause at the Theatre Royal, Olympic.
"GOD BLESS VICTORIA'S SON" is also arranged as a Four-part Song, for Choirs, price 4d. net.

THREE NEW SACRED BALLADS.

"WORDS OF HOPE,"

"GOLDEN BLOOM,"

"THERE ARE ANGELS."

By **HYPPOLITE VAN LANDEGHEM.**

Price 3s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

THREE BAGATELLES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Composed and Dedicated to Mrs. WILLIAM GRAY, by

Mrs. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

Price 5s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"THE OLYMPIAN MARCH" ... Price 4s.

"IDA VALSE" " 4s.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Composed by

J. E. MALLANDAINE.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained "THE BELLS WALTZ," "THE BELLS GALOP," and "RUSTIC DANCE" (from the celebrated Drama of *The Bells*), price 4s. each, composed by J. E. MALLANDAINE.

To be issued Monthly.

OTSAR HORINA VEHATFILA.

PARTS I. AND II. OF

A COLLECTION

OF

SACRED JEWISH HYMNS & PRAYERS

FOR A SOLO VOICE (with ALTO, TENOR, or BASS *ad lib.*)

Composed, Compiled, and Edited by

THE REV. M. HAST,

(First Reader of the Great Synagogue, London.)

With an accompaniment for the Pianoforte and Harmonium arranged by

Professor **MICHAEL BERGSON.**

Price 4s. net.

With HEBREW, ENGLISH, and GERMAN WORDS.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Yearly Subscription £2 2s., to be addressed to the Rev. M. HAST, 7, Bury Street, Bevis Marks, E.C.

"REINE D'AMOUR."

SONG.

The music by

BERNARD FAIRBROTHER.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,

PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,

LYON & HALL,

WARWICK MANSION.

MOZART AND ROSSINI.*

Arteaga, a celebrated critic living towards the close of the eighteenth century, said that music in Italy was dead, and all that remained to do was to bury it. Arteaga was a bad prophet. The musical sap, it is true, seemed then exhausted; the charming, but too hurried works of Paisiello, Cimarosa, Guglielmi, and Fioravanti, did not suffice to interest a public who were beginning to remark that these pretty flowers, of which there was such an abundance, resembled each other rather too much in their form and perfume. It was at this interval of musical interregnum that there was born at Pesaro the composer destined to exhibit Italian music in its greatest splendour, to awaken Juliet in her tomb.

Many people look upon Rossini as the creator of an absolutely new style, and as a genius who never borrowed from his predecessors. Because it is easy to appreciate the long distance really existing between the productions of Cimarosa, of Pergolesi, of Paisiello, of Paer and those of the author of *Il Barbiere*, people suppose that he imitated no one, and they do not perceive between these composers and Rossini the admirable individuality of Mozart.

That no point of resemblance can be indicated between the works of Gluck, or those of the composers of the French School, and those of the Italian master is true. Heavy but grandiose instrumentation, and a broad style, with but little ornamentation, characterize the first; brilliant instrumentation, melody loaded with *floriture* and roudades, and a canvas which was more than slight, and served as a pretext for all the singers' caprices, characterize the second. Between these masters and Rossini there is no parallel possible.

Does this hold good of Mozart? Is there in his works a single musical form on which the Italian school did not lay its hand? Are not his melodies *Rossinian* in the best acceptance of the word? But are the finales of *Semiramide*, *Otello*, and *La Gaze* treated with the breadth distinguishing the finale and the sextet of *Don Juan*, and has the composer borrowed all the beauties of the latter because he borrowed their form? Is Leporello less genuinely comic than the astute Barber? Does not *Don Juan* carry his guitar quite as well as *Almaviva*, and does he not address quite as passionate cantilenas to his Fair One? That which Rossini did not borrow from Mozart are the eternal roudades, which terminate each of his periods (some critic or other, I forget who, refers to them as a feather the composer sticks in all his phrases); it is the employment of the *crescendo*, very fine when led up to by the sense of the words, as in the air of "La Calunnia," but which, when founded on no valid motive, offends real connoisseurs, though the general public always applauds it, so easily comprehended is it as a means of producing effect. Mozart, therefore, in *Don Juan*, appears to me the first and purest of all Italian masters. In *Die Zauberflöte* and in *Idomeneo*, he assumes a completely different style. In them he is, probably, the first of German composers. Rossini drank of this melodious stream, but took care to conceal from the world the mysterious hours when he imbibed the beneficent draught. The imitators of Rossini, on the other hand, drank openly at the spring of their inspiration, without caring too much whether the public saw them or no.

Less pure and less sober than the music of Mozart, though essentially derived from it, Rossini's music strikes me as being the most complete expression of the profane style. We may well apply to the illustrious master the words of Father Martini: "He seeks variety in the intervals best calculated to tickle the senses, the most tender and delicate expressions, and the union of movements, forms, and instruments productive of the greatest surprise and exciting the most applause."

Father Martini certainly pushes his puritanism rather far: the union of movements, forms, and instruments productive of the greatest surprise and exciting the most applause is a defect for which a good number of authors would sacrifice very many things.

Rossini's muse is indeed the *bella sfacciata* of whom the poet speaks. Solely intent on seducing men, she advances, a laughing madcap, with flowing hair and a golden goblet in her hand. She charms, intoxicates, and folds you in her arms. It is thus that

in the sombre forests of Scotland the green nymphs lead astray the hunter in his nocturnal excursions. Woe to him, if he cannot resist their perfidious charms! Ever fleeing before him, the fairies guide him to the abyss in which he disappears.

This comparison, reduced to ordinary language, signifies simply: Italian music, of which Rossini is the most complete personification, is calculated rather to mislead than enlighten the taste; if you yield to its seductions, it will cause the most beautiful and the purest creations of art to appear to you cold and pale; Mozart, Weber, and Gluck will possess no charms for you; and one day you will experience the desire to return and slack your soul in these inexhaustible sources of sentiment and inspiration, without being able to escape from the power which has captivated you. Be on your guard, therefore, reader, against Italian music and green nymphs.

What is wanting to so many works, so seductive in other respects, is not an abundance of lively melodies, of grand and sometimes serious beauties, instrumentation frequently beautiful, and perfect art in bringing out the different voices to the best advantage; what is wanting is dramatic truth and respect for the subject confided to the musician; it is, in a word, conviction, a quality in which Italian composers have always been wanting. That, in the flower of his youth, at a corner of a table on which a bottle of cyprus wine keeps the inkstand company, and in the midst of companions who excite ideas of pleasure in his breast, a man of lively inspiration should write in a few days such an opera as *Il Barbiere*; that to the wit of Beaumarchais he should wed music full of sparkling gaiety, is something which can be understood; at the end of a week's pursuit, a man must be an utter novice not to seduce Rosina; but Desdemona must be courted longer; she is a more noble being, to be conquered only by the entreaties of devoted love. For wit and spirit of a somewhat free kind, Rossini is an inimitable master; Don Magnifico and Figaro are perfect, but when he has to portray graver personages, I own to sometimes fancying I see in their hand the razor of the clever Barber, and that I do not like Semiramis pouring forth strings of notes up to the borders, any more than Othello returning as a conqueror to a clarinet variation, or Ninette, when in prison, and under the weight of shame and despair, communing with Giorgio in the tone adopted by a shepherdess when replying to the gallantries of her swain.

Guillaume Tell is conceived from a very different point of view to that of the Italian master's other works, even the most celebrated. We there find no more common-places and no more of the fatiguing repetitions which prove not sterility but laziness. Instead of noisy instrumentation, written in a hurry, we have a richly coloured score, whence noise for noise's sake is severely banished; instead of cantilenas frequently undecided in character, melodies admirable for character and sentiment; and instead of careless prodigality, sobriety of inspiration, that inappreciable quality, which alone renders artists truly great, and reputations lasting, and which appears to have been granted to but a very small number of artists in our own age.

The orchestration of *Guillaume Tell*, treated with marvellous and exquisite art, reminds one of the care with which the jeweller Cardillac used to cut his gems. This of itself would suffice to exclude from the composer's work all idea of precipitation. There is no doubt that he does not always attain to the admirable combinations of sonority, which are one of the most precious qualities, and almost an intuition, in the great German composers; his Italian nature was opposed to such combinations; sometimes, however, he hits upon effects which, in the barbarous language applied now-a-days to art, are called *trouvés*, as, for instance, the hunting chorus in E flat of the second act. The mixture of closed sounds and of open sounds, first carried out in one part and then in another, produces a delicious combined effect, which, even after the melody was found, must have cost many long hours of labour. By this simple detail, the reader may judge with what conviction Rossini must have worked at his masterpiece, though, perhaps, he grew negligent towards the end. His quick and changeable disposition did not probably allow him to finish as he had commenced.

Guillaume Tell was coolly received at Paris; it had to be shamefully hacked about.

Rossini saw his early works, written in haste, and, so to speak,

* From the *Guide Musical*.

extemporised (works of which, like a man of sense, he acknowledged the defects more readily than anyone else), excite the enthusiasm of the Italian and French public, while *Guillaume Tell*, his favourite work, achieved only a *succès d'estime*, and gained its present position entirely through the infatuation of the public for a particular singer.

The musical system introduced by Rossini, a system which is nothing more nor less than an excessive cultivation of the "*frappez fort*" principle, has everywhere exercised a great influence on music. Has the master been very happy in his posterity? We may doubt it. His dramatic music, sifted through the brain of contemporary composers (though there are, certainly, some exceptions), has left all its gravel but only very little of its gold. In Italy, if we put aside some few works by Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi, where we find examples of original beauty, we meet with nothing but awkward imitation or bare-faced plagiarism. Never was a composer more audaciously plundered than Rossini; entire motives have passed from his works to those of his imitators.

During the performance of a new opera, some one in the pit kept taking off his hat every moment and putting it on again, simply to repeat the process immediately afterwards. "What are you doing?" enquired a neighbour, astonished at his action. "Why, surely," he replied, "you would not have me so impolite, would you, as not to bow to old acquaintances when they pass before me?" How many times our friend would have to take off his hat now-a-days in Italy! But, alas! *his old acquaintances* who were formerly so handsome, graceful, and smart when he knew them, would strike him as pale, haggard, and dressed in faded finery; instead of Ninon, he would behold only an equivocal and brazen-faced courtesan! He would think the moment arrived for the predictions of Arteaga and Father Martini to be fulfilled. He would think that Music would do well to put her head under her wing and go to sleep, at least for a time, until some Sir Tristram, crossing the threshold of the palace where she was sleeping, should be happy enough to awake her. L. K.

ARABELLA GODDARD NOT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Standard.")

One regret alone interferes with our complete satisfaction—that an artist, most valued of all individual performers, has this season been for the first time unrepresented in the records of the Popular Concerts. The absence of *Mme. Arabella Goddard*, whose talents have done so much to promulgate the cause of the art which she adorns, and whose personal efforts have tended so largely towards the popularization of the classical concerts, is thoroughly and completely irreparable. No pianist has so completely won the hearts of all her auditors as our gifted countrywoman, and no artist is more thoroughly worthy the esteem of the whole musical world. We sincerely trust that the Transatlantic travels of the talented lady will soon be over, and that she will speedily return to shed her own insuperable brilliancy over the art in which she shines an unrivalled luminary.

(From the "Figaro.")

This is the first Monday Popular Concert season which has gone by without the co-operation of the queen of pianists, *Mme. Arabella Goddard*. In fact, it may truly be said that *Goddard*, *Joachim*, *Hallé*, and *Piatti*, have made the fortunes of the Monday Concerts; and when the finest pianist in the world relinquishes her rightful place to the tender mercies of sensational foreigners, the matter is grievous, nay, almost disheartening. *Mme. Goddard* is now abroad, and responsible authority says she will never play again in public in England. I sincerely hope that the report may not prove true.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

The season has been a fruitful and an interesting one. One blot alone obscures the fair page of its record, and that was the absence of *Madame Arabella Goddard*, the true queen of the keys. Hosts of players come and go, as is the fashion of men, according to Tennyson; but *Arabella Goddard* remains the pianist for ever, and every minute which separates her from English soil is an infinity of time to the art world.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Le Cheval de Bronze, announced for March the 12th, was not produced. The reason stated on the bills at 4 p.m. on that day was, "Relâche pour cause d'indisposition." On enquiry at the theatre I certainly heard that *Mlle. Poitevin* was suffering from an attack of bronchitis, but I do not think that it was quite judicious on the part of *M. Clement Martin* to write a letter to a local paper in which he states that, finding at 3-30 p.m. the sum of money for location—or booked seats—amounted to 15 francs only, his expenses being from 700 to 800 francs per night, he was forced to withdraw the piece. He adds, as a sort of postscript, that *Mlle. Poitevin* was not well. He does not state his receipts—over 800 francs—he must have had on the 25 nights here and 12 or 15 at Rennes and other towns, when *La Fille de Mme. Angot* was played. I may add as my postscript that, on the 14th, *Mlle. Poitevin* sang the part of *Georgetti* in *Halévy's* opéra-comique, *Le Val d'Andorre*, and I was struck with her careful vocalization and the excellent *timbre* of her voice. On the following Thursday (March 19) *M. Clement* acted with even more questionable taste towards the public of Boulogne. The opera announced was *Grisar's Les Porcherons*, and no notice that it would not take place was posted in the afternoon. At eight o'clock the best places in the *Salle Monsigny* were occupied by the *élite* of Boulogne—I may say an exceptionally good and over-average audience. At 8-20 (the orchestra all in their places and ready to commence) the audience became a little anxious as to the evening's entertainment; and after expression of the same with their feet in "8-time," their umbrellas and sticks in unison, and whistling in anything but harmony, the curtain was drawn up. It was drawn up rather more quickly than had been expected, evident by the sudden rush to the wings of various *Porcheron* boots and spurs. The stage was cleared, and the *regisseur* came forward. He said—"M. et *Mme. Les recettes* ce soir ne soyant pas assez, nous ne jouerons pas." *Tableau!* Down went the curtain. *Tableau!*—within the house. The three-time movement, to the words, "On jouera" and "Ne sortez pas," accompanied by umbrellas and sticks, went on for some time, till the arrival of the police, the commissary of which, when he got a hearing, addressed the astonished audience, and informed them that if all would leave the house quietly they would receive their entrance money at the doors. Well, after a time, and various demonstrations from the occupants of pit and gallery, they acted on this friendly advice.

Another postscript.—*M. Clement*, before the performance on Saturday, came forward, and said—After his indiscretion of Thursday last, he asked pardon ("Je vous demande pardon.") He had been fined that morning the sum of 240f. before the Tribunal. I know none of the local papers will announce all these details; and it is a question whether, taking the whole question into consideration, *M. Clement* is so much to blame as is made out. He has not the contract for the Theatre and Casino Concerts for next year, and the Town Council have no doubt thrown difficulties in his way, since these were put into other hands, notably so by asking him, on the occasion of the *Bal Masqué* which he was getting up, and which I announced to you in my last as having fallen through, for the sum of 500 francs for the poor. But, at the same time, a breach of contract with the Town Council on two occasions, and on the last especially towards the public, is rather too much to pass by without notice.

La Fille de Madame Angot, of course, has been repeated several times. In addition, I have only to notice *Auber's Domino Noir*—*Le Trovère*—admirably played, on Thursday. *Mlle. Poitevin* as *Leonore*, *M. Bresson* as *Manrique*, and *M. Larrivé* as *Fernand*, being specially good in voice and acting. The last-named, as *Jacques Sincère*, vieux chevrier, in *Le Val d'Andorre*, was perfect. I was going to write "and now for my *finale*," but I mean now for my colon, for we have not yet finished our season, we have not come to a full stop (but a period, I admit). Easter, and its previous week, without any theatrical performances, gives us a pause for breath, as I note above, a sort of half stop, or colon (:). It only remains for me to finish by stating that the last three operas, leading up to the rest—and leading up to Holy Week—were *Les Amours du Diable*, *Le petit Faust* (wherein is *Mephisto*), and *La Part du Diable*—the two last on Sunday.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

It appears that, after all, the good people of this capital will have to wait a little longer than they have been led to expect for the production of Signor Verdi's last opera, *Aida*, at the Royal Operahouse. It will be next to impossible that the scenic artists, the "scenographers," as the Italians denominate the gentlemen who wield the pictorial pencil and brush for the stage, can be ready before the end of the present month; this is point one. Point two is that, supposing the musical arrangements to be all complete when the scenery is, the "leave of absence" of the principal singers commences nearly immediately afterwards, so that, under the most favourable circumstances, not more than two or three performances of the work could be given this season. For these reasons, it has been decided that *Aida* shall not be brought out till the autumn. By the way, the members of the company have been asked whether they feel inclined to sacrifice a portion of their "leave" in May, in order to take part in the performances to be given in honour of his Majesty the Czar of all the Russias. Of course, they will answer in the affirmative—for "a consideration."

—On the Emperor William's birthday, a notice was posted up in the green-room of the Royal Operahouse, stating that the Emperor had conferred upon the Intendant-General, Herr von Hülsen, the title of Excellency. Mdle Marianne Brandt is re-engaged. Herr Max Bruch's *Odyseus* has been performed at the Sing-Academie, under the direction of Herr Alexis Holländer, but, though everything had been done for it, and the different parts were in most efficient hands, Mdme Joachim being Penelope; Mdme Holländer, Nausikaa; and Herr Henschel, Odyseus (Ulysses), it did not achieve the success it has achieved in other large German towns. The two airs sung by Penelope roused the audience, it is true, from the icy indifference with which they listened to most of the remaining portions of the work, but the applause was rather an involuntary tribute to Mdme Joachim's admirable singing than a mark of approbation conferred on the composer.

Herr Ehrlich gave a second concert last week; it was very well attended. He comprised in his programme Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas, G major, Op. 29, No. 1, and C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2, various smaller pieces by Schubert, Mozart, Chopin, Rubinstein, and Schumann, and his own piece, entitled "Lebensbilder," being variations on an original theme. Though not faultless, his playing was extremely good, and, as such, duly applauded by an appreciative audience. Another pianoforte display, even more successful, was that of Mdle Laura Kahrer, who executed, at a concert in the Reichshallen, the Abbate Franz Liszt's Concerto in E flat major. Despite the very vacillating support, if support it can be called, which she received from the orchestra, who, now and then, went on "anyhow," and the distrust generally entertained here of the Abbate's more pretentious works, the fair artist came off with flying colours, and will, doubtless, soon be heard again. Another lady pianist, Mdle Henriette Herrbeck, with Herren Edward Rappoldi and Philipsen, the former of whom writes *Capellmeister*, and the latter, *Kammermusik*, after his name, gave a concert at the Sing-Academie, and played with the said gentlemen Rubinstein's Trio in B flat major. She further executed Beethoven's C major Sonata, Op. 53; "Toccata," by Schumann; Scherzo in B minor, and Notturmo in F sharp major, by Chopin; a piece by Liszt; and a piece by Schubert. Besides the above compositions, the programme included Bach's A minor Fugue, which afforded Herr Rappoldi an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of greatly distinguishing himself, and the "Liebeslieder" of Herr Johannes Brahms.

Dr Carl Fuchs announced his fourth Pianoforte Concert for the 13th, with the annexed programme: Beethoven's "Sonata quasi una Fantasia," Op. 27; Dr Hans von Bülow's arrangement of the Quintet from *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*; two Transcriptions from *Der fliegende Holländer*; pieces by Chopin and Bülow (from the *Carneval von Venedig*); "Concert-Walz," Op. 27, E. E. Taubert; and the "Cavatina" from the *Suite*, Op. 91, Joachim Raff.

At the last general meeting of the Academy of Arts, nine new members were admitted: Herren Gentz, von Harrach, Passini, von Werner, for painting; Herren Adler, Ende, for architecture; Herr Affinger, for sculpture; Herren Habelmann, Vogler, for copperplate engraving; and, though last not least, Herr Joachim, for music.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been produced with extraordinary success for the first time in the new Imperial Operahouse. The grand scene of the camp, in the second act, is universally acknowledged to be one of the most effective displays, scenically and musically, ever known in Vienna. Mdle Tagliana, as Catherine, and Herr Beck, as the Czar, have made a decided hit.

The success of the Italian company, headed by Madame Adelina Patti, at the Theater an der Wien, has been something absolutely prodigious, the receipts attaining on an average every evening a total of 22,000 francs—an immense sum for this capital, and proving, at any rate, that the severest financial crisis cannot keep people from the theatre when there is anything really good to be seen or heard. Among the operas recently given have been *Linda di Chamouni*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Linda has produced an unusually profound impression. The worthy Viennese were somewhat staggered by the excellent cast, which is as follows: Linda, Madame Adelina Patti; Pierrotto, Mdle Scalchi; Carlo, Signor Nicolini; Antonio, Signor Cotogni; the Marquis, Signor Zucchini; and the Prefect, Signor Foli. Madame Patti excited the greatest enthusiasm. The cavatina in the first act; the duet with the buffo in the second; the grand scene of madness; and Venzano's Waltz, interpolated at the end of the opera, worked the public up to a perfect pitch of frenzy, and the *prima donna* was completely overwhelmed with bouquets, recalls, and applause. All the other artists, likewise, greatly distinguished themselves, and the *Neue Freie Presse*, in noticing this performance, says, "we must go back to the time when Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache sang together here, if we would find another example of such a complete ensemble."

M. Gayarre made his first bow to this public in *Lucia*. He was very successful, being recalled three times at the fall of the curtain. Speaking of Madame Patti, a local critic observes: "This lady really surpassed herself in the part of Lucia, which is and always will be one of her most astounding conceptions. From the first note to the last, her singing and acting attain absolute perfection. The tempest of applause burst forth immediately after the first cavatina, but it was nothing compared to the manifestation which followed the mad scene. The distinguishing feature of Madame Patti's genius is that she identifies herself with the character she represents, so that it becomes a real being of flesh and blood. This fact was incontestably demonstrated by the two mad scenes in *Linda* and *Lucia*, where the situations are analogous, and the realization of them might become monotonous. Well, Madame Patti makes the two entirely different. In *Linda* the madness is momentary, a transient disorder of the intellect, and we feel that a breath of happiness will restore calm to the disordered brain. In *Lucia*, from the moment the heroine steps upon the stage, we feel that all is finished, and that implacable death will not spare the poor maniac. It is in such respects as these that it is now interesting to study the *Diva*, for to say anything new about the perfection of her singing has become an impossibility." The Emperor and Empress were present at the first performance of *Il Barbiere*, though they had only arrived on the same day from Pesth.

RATISBON.—There will be a Festival of Sacred Music here from the 1st to the 5th of August next. The programme, which is highly interesting, will comprise, in addition to other works by masters of the 16th century, a six-part mass, by Palestrina, never printed, and entitled *Alma Redemptoris Mater*; a six-part Requiem, by L. Vittoria; a number of psalms, motets and hymns, by Cima, Viadana, Marenzio, Nanini, Handel, Verdone, A. Gabrieli, Orlando Lasso, Lechner (1635), etc.; and a number of English Madrigals. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, also, will be among the works performed.

MILAN.—According to report, Signori Bolis and Bulterini, tenors, and Signor Maini, bass, have been re-engaged for the next season at the Scala. It is said, too, that *Dolores*, by Signor Manzocchi, will be one of the new operas produced. Should this be the case, the fact will necessarily entail the engagement of Signora Galletti, for whom the principal female part in Signor Manzocchi's work was written.—In addition to Signor Maini, Signore Stolz, Waldmann and Signor Capponi, will be the vocalists in the Requiem composed by Verdi for Manzoni. All the members of the orchestra of the Scala will take part in the performance.

THE POETIC BASIS OF MUSIC.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

(From the "Musical Times.")

When a new system or theory is presented to the world those features in it most quickly arrest attention which have immediate practical results. The aggregate mind is itself eminently practical. Its first and governing thought is how to live. Individual minds may exist in the shadowy realm of abstract ideas, apart from the influence of human necessity, but these are lost in the vast whole. Hence the eagerness with which men ask themselves, when confronted with a new principle—"Will this touch us, and, if so, how?" They fix their eyes upon that in it which most obviously threatens consequences, rather than upon the reasoning of which it is the outcome and representative. In fact, they are subject to the instinct of life. A particular example of this general rule may be found in the present condition, as regards England at least, of the musical questions propounded by Herr Richard Wagner. That famous person has been long before the world with a complete theory of musical development, yet he is chiefly recognized, when recognized at all, as an advocate of certain radical changes in the lyric drama—changes, that is to say, which have a serious bearing upon a very attractive amusement. So far as Wagner's theory concerning the lyric drama is understood by the popular mind, its actual and possible influence has aroused strong feeling, because it concerns, more or less, a multitude of individuals, and is, to them, a matter of subjective interest. But Wagner, looked at solely as a man who would change operatic forms, and his theory, regarded only as affecting operatic music, are imperfectly comprehended. True, this is the ultimate development of man and theory, but among the developing processes is much that has escaped general observation, and that may be considered independently of the chain in which it is a link. My purpose now is to take up one of Wagner's underlying principles, and see what it is worth.

First of all, the principle chosen must be fairly and accurately described. In doing this, that there may be no doubt either of fairness or accuracy, I shall use the language of Wagner himself, and that of his champion in this country, Dr. Franz Hüffer, whose recently published book, "*The Music of the Future*," is an authority not to be questioned. In an appendix to Dr. Hüffer's work, the author, referring to a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at Bayreuth, observes:—

"The choice of Beethoven's Symphony in D minor was the most appropriate that could be made on this occasion, because it forms, as it were, the foundation of the great development of modern German, and especially of Wagner's own, music. The principle of this new phase in art . . . is the necessity of a *poetical basis of music*; that is to say, a latent impulse of passionate inspiration which guides the composer's hand, and the conditions of which are in themselves by far superior to the demands of music in its independent existence. The rules arising out of these demands are in the Ninth Symphony violated, nay, completely overthrown, with a freedom of purpose and grandeur of conception that can be explained only from Beethoven's fundamental idea, as it gradually rises to self-consciousness, in the words of Schiller's ode, 'An die Freude.'"

Speaking of the *finale* to Beethoven's Symphony, Dr. Hüffer goes on to say:—

"It is the highest effort of dramatic characterization instrumental music has ever made, and, seeing that it has reached the limits of its own proper power, it has to call the sister art of worded poetry to its aid . . . It is obvious how the introduction in this way of words, as the necessary complement of musical expression, even at its climax of perfection, became the stepping-stone to the further development of poetical music, as we discern it in what is generally called the 'Music of the Future.'"

Here we have, clearly and boldly stated, the following theses:—

I. *Music must arise from a poetic impulse, the conditions of which are superior to the demands of music in its independent state.*

II. *Instrumental music, even at its climax of perfection, is incapable of the highest expression of that impulse, and needs the aid of words.*

Having gone to Dr. Hüffer for more concise definitions than could be found in the involved periods of his master, I now turn to Wagner himself for their exposition, and find all I want in a single chapter of his "*Opera und Drama*"—a chapter which, adopting "the writer's own term, might be headed "Beethoven's Mistake." I propose quietly to accept this term, and allow Wagner to point out the "immeasurably rich master's" error. After noticing the development of instrumental music from the simple forms of the dance tune and ballad air, Wagner goes on to say, that "the expression of a perfectly decided, clearly intelligible individual purport, was, in truth, impossible for a language capable only of expressing a sensation generally," and that this fact was exposed by Beethoven, in whom "the yearning to express such a

purport became the consuming, glowing, vital impulse of all artistic creation."

It will here be observed that, with regard to Beethoven personally, Wagner begs an important part of the question, but, without stopping to do more now than indicate the fact, I proceed with his argument.

From the moment the great master's "yearning" was manifested, instrumental music became an artistic error, within the mazes of which Beethoven remained entangled. But from the darkness of error came the light of truth, just as the effort of Columbus to reach the Indies by sailing westward led to the discovery of America. "The inexhaustible power of music" is, now-a-days, disclosed to us by the very great mistake made by Beethoven. Through his undaunted and most bold endeavours to attain what was artistically impossible, we have gained a proof of the boundless capability of music to perform every possible task, when it is only necessary for it to be completely and simply what it really is—an *art of expression*. From the "moment" that Beethoven's "yearning" after definite expression "grew to greater and greater strength"—a somewhat indefinite moment—"from that moment," continues our author, "began the great, painful period of suffering of the deeply moved man, and necessarily erroneous artist, who, in the strong convulsions of the painfully delirious stammering of an enthusiasm such as that of a pythones, produced, as a matter of course, the effect of a genial madman upon the curious spectator, who did not understand him simply because the inspired master could not render himself intelligible to him." To this Wagner adds:—"Most of Beethoven's works of this period (his latest) must be regarded as an *involuntary* (the italics are mine) attempt to form for himself a language for his yearnings, so that they often look like sketches for a picture, about the *subject* (the italics are Wagner's) of which, indeed, the master had made up his mind, though not about its intelligible arrangement." Further on, we read of "enigmatical magic drawings, in which the master had simultaneously diffused light and horror, in order that he might, through them, publish the secret that he could never utter in music, but which, however, he fancied he could utter in music alone." This was "Beethoven's mistake," and the foregoing is Wagner's description of it.

I have thus allowed the master, Wagner, and the disciple, Hüffer, to state their case, from which logically, and therefore naturally, come certain inferences, making part of the case itself. Those inferences now demand attention; and, in the first place—

If instrumental music, in presence of Beethoven's "yearnings," become an artistic error, it is much more so, because without excuse, now that he has discovered (in his last Symphony) music's highest form and expression.

This inference is proudly accepted by Wagner and his followers. The master speaks of Beethoven's "D minor" as the "last symphony ever written," and Dr. Hüffer avows that with its appearance the arts of music and poetry "became inseparable," while "the possibility of music for the sole sake of sonorous beauty virtually ceased to exist." It follows, as a matter of course, that symphony writers since Beethoven are not "necessarily erroneous," as was he, but sin in the full light of truth; and against all such Wagner, who consistently never attempted to write a symphony himself, uses his keenest rhetorical weapons. First, he attacks those who imitate principally what is external and strange in Beethoven's style. Of these, he observes, that not knowing the "unspoken secret" of the master it was not necessary to find some substantial subject for their music. He continues—"The pretence of the musical description of a subject borrowed from nature or human life was placed as a programme in the hands of the auditor, and it was left to the power of his imagination to interpret, in accordance with the hint once given, all the musical eccentricities which could be let loose, with unshackled caprice, until they degenerated into the most motley, chaotic confusion." German composers, Wagner goes on to say, have made themselves less absurd. They have incorporated the new style with the old, and thus formed an artificial medley, "in which they might for a long period continue to musicise very decently and respectably, without having to fear any great interruptions from drastic individualities. If Beethoven mostly produces upon us the effect of a man who has something to tell us, which however, he cannot communicate clearly, his modern followers, on the other hand, resemble men who inform us in an irritatingly circumstantial manner that they have nothing to tell us." Thus does Wagner in a few words dismiss Mendelssohn, Spohr, Schumann, and all post-Beethoven participators in the "artistic error." A second inference from the Wagnerian theses is a correlative of the first:—

The art of music is, in itself, incomplete, and needs to be perfected by an alliance with poetry.

In his exposition of this doctrine Wagner has used the parabolic form after a fashion which makes it somewhat difficult for me to follow him in a paper meant for general reading. Here, however, is a brief and significant passage:—"Music is a Woman. The nature of woman is love, but this love is the love that receives, and, in receiving, gives itself up without reserve. A woman does not obtain perfect individuality

until the moment she gives herself up. She is the water-nymph who speeds through the waves of her native element without a soul until she obtains one through the love of a man." Previously he had said that Beethoven vainly tried to make music fertile by "exercising it in parturition," and was at last compelled to supply the "fertilizing seed," which he took from the procreative power of the poet. I am concerned to enquire neither into Wagner's theory respecting woman nor the accuracy of his parallel. Enough that what has been quoted will convey a strong and clear idea of the views he holds concerning the independence, or rather the dependence of music as an art.

Having thus thrown upon Wagner's position, with regard to the "poetic basis" of music, as much light as his own words can give, it remains to see what can be urged on the other side. Here let me say that, in reply, I shall eschew invective, which, as Mr. Disraeli once said, when it told against him, is not argument. Invective, consequent upon Wagner's unfortunate leaning towards its use, has long disfigured this musical controversy, and given rise to an odium almost as virulent as that which springs from theological discussion. But, while avoiding sarcasm and abuse, I am prepared to do more—I will not inquire whether Wagner, as we know him, is the result of his own theory, or whether the theory has been adapted to Wagner. In like manner, I will waive the question how far, when exalting the alliance of music and poetry as the only real musical organization, Wagner is moved by a personal vanity, or, at least, by a natural tendency to magnify his own special vocation. In brief, the man shall be separated from his theory, as ought always to be the case when theory is weighed in the balance.

Looking generally at the matter in dispute, it is impossible not to be struck with the part Beethoven plays in it. Of course, if the Wagnerian principles be true, they must have existed before that great master, and independently of him; but none the less do we find Beethoven held up as the Messiah of a new musical dispensation wherein Wagner takes the rôle of St. Paul. Wagner has built his theory upon Beethoven; and it may, therefore, be worth while to see whether, between the foundation and the superstructure, there exists a real and natural connection. Here, then, we touch a vital part of the subject. The question stands thus:—Did Beethoven, in the latter part of his career, strive "involuntarily" to make instrumental music a definite means of expression? Are his later works examples of a "mistake" which he rectified only when worded poetry was united to music in the *finale* of the Choral Symphony? I answer that, in putting forth such a doctrine, Wagner has acted upon assumption merely. He seems to be conscious of the fact, and takes measures to place himself beyond the reach of refuting evidence. Mark, for example, how he insists upon the word "involuntary" in connection with Beethoven's efforts; how he compares his utterances to those of a pythoness, and defines him as a genial "madman." All this shows considerable skill, because, if Beethoven be regarded as an unconscious and irresponsible medium—Dr. Hüffer accepts as true of all creative musicians what Vogl said of Schubert, that they compose in a state of *clairevoyance*—then, of course, any theory can be built upon the man's doings without reference to the man himself. But will my readers accept this premise? I trow not. They will insist, with me, in looking upon Beethoven as a conscious and responsible worker, who knew what he did, and why he did it. Wagner would keep Beethoven out of the witness box, under what is sometimes euphuistically termed "friendly restraint." I call him into court and ask that he may be allowed to influence the verdict. Under these circumstances it appears rather damaging to Wagner's theory that Beethoven, having found the right, still pursued the wrong. If, before the Ninth Symphony, the master was struggling to give expression to his thoughts, and if, in the Ninth Symphony, he found the means of doing so, how comes it that, after the Ninth Symphony, he went back to his artistic error, made more "enigmatical magic drawings," and more "sketches about the subject of which he had not made up his mind," in the shape of the so-called "posthumous quartets." This was not the act of a man conscious that he had found the light and liberty of perfect expression, established the inseparableness of music and poetry, and proved that the existence of instrumental music, "for the sole sake of sonorous beauty," was no longer possible. In good sooth, Wagner has excellent reasons for keeping the master in a state of irresponsibility. Furthermore, by those who reject that irresponsibility as an unwarranted assumption, it must be thought strange that Beethoven left no record of his struggles and of his victory. Here was a man who, having great and definite things to say, laboured for years with an indefinite means of expression, and kept absolute silence about his disappointments. Here, moreover, was a man who, after sore efforts, made a great and glorious discovery, and said nothing about it. Strange, indeed, is this; and from it I can only draw one inference—that the fabric which Wagner has built upon the latter part of Beethoven's artistic career is neither more nor less than the creation of a man resolved to bolster up a pre-conceived theory. How much is this inference strengthened when

we note that Wagner says not a word about the Choral Fantasia, which appeared as early as 1811, and in which voices are united to the solo instrument and orchestra, just as in the Choral Symphony. Here let me quote a passage from a letter of Beethoven's, addressed to the publisher, Probst:—"I must now, alas! speak of myself, and say that this, the greatest work I have ever written, is well worth 1,000 florins, c.m. It is a new grand Symphony, with a finale and voice parts introduced, solo and choruses, the words being those of Schiller's immortal 'Ode to Joy,' in the style of my pianoforte Choral Fantasia, only of much greater breadth." Note here the almost complete parallelism which the master saw between the two works. But Wagner says nothing about the Fantasia, because to do so would tend to upset his theory. That work was not preceded by "yearnings," "sketches," and all the rest of it. Yet, if ever Beethoven ceased to be a "necessarily erroneous artist," it was in 1811, not in 1824.

Let me not be understood to have said anything in depreciation of the Choral Symphony. My contention simply is, that Wagner has taken the plan of a particular work, and treated it as an outcome of general principles, which were never in the composer's mind.

Dismissing thus the Beethoven phase of the question, I now come to the question as a whole, and have to meet the proposition stated by Dr. Hüffer, that the arts of music and poetry are inseparable, and that "the possibility of music for the sole sake of sonorous beauty has ceased to exist." In another place, it is true, Dr. Hüffer admits that the highest type of musical development "does not make impossible or irrational the perpetuation and perfection of a lower and simpler species as such;" but, herein, he confessedly differs from Wagner, and, as the disciple is not above his master, I shall take the proposition in its unqualified form. Is it true, then, that instrumental music is a defective organization—that it is the soulless Woman, who cannot be complete till she find the Man? In answering this question I may surely appeal to the universal instinct, which ought never to be overlooked when discussing matters of universal application. "Instinct," said Sir John Falstaff, "is a great matter," and it must have an important effect upon this controversy, according as we find its weight thrown upon one side or the other. Can we, then, discover anywhere the existence of a feeling that instrumental music is an incomplete and, consequently, unsatisfactory thing within its own province? An affirmative reply to this may be challenged as regards every form of instrumental music, from the wild notes of the Alpine herdsman to the C minor Symphony of Beethoven. Nowhere do we find evidence of such a feeling, which, if it ever had a universal existence, would speedily remove the cause of offence. Above all, would the unfinished organization of instrumental music have made itself obvious to those with whom the art generally has been a constant study and delight. But it is just these who find the highest forms of instrumental music satisfying. Where is the amateur who detects incompleteness in the first three movements of the Choral Symphony. When listening to them, has he the impression of looking upon a half-finished temple, or upon—if Wagner's theory about the female sex be right—a woman who has never loved? Is he conscious of an abhorrent vacuum, and does he thrill with satisfaction when the voices enter to fill it up? Direct and plain questions like these, undarkened by grandiloquent verbiage, excite a smile, but none the less do they comprise the Wagnerian theory. The answer to them must be easy. Every amateur knows that he is free from such a consciousness; that the purely orchestral movements are complete in themselves, and that, when vocal music is added, he recognizes no more than a temporary alliance of powers which may exist apart. I confess to a high estimate of the argument derivable from the general sense of completeness with which instrumental music is received, but it is not at all necessary to my present purpose. A refutation of Wagner's doctrine may be found in the very nature of music itself; and here we come at length to the pith of the whole question.

Dr. Hüffer, in the book already named, after drawing largely upon the philosophy of Schopenhauer to support his views, remarks on the other hand:—

"Schopenhauer seems to have considered music as an art of entirely independent and self-sufficient means of expression, the free movement of which could only suffer from a too close alliance with worded poetry. He even goes to the length of highly commending Rossini's way of proceeding, in which the words of the text are treated quite *en bagatelle*, and in which, therefore, music speaks its own language so purely and distinctly that it does not require the words at all, and has its full effect even if performed by instruments alone."

This dictum of his favourite philosopher Wagner rejects, and Dr. Hüffer says that it "cannot but surprise us." But as regards the independence and self-sufficiency of music, it exactly defines the position I mean here to assume. To look upon music as an indefinite expression, needing alliance with that which is definite, is to do it gross injustice. It is an *expression* truly, just as the forms and colours in a painting are

the expression of the artist's subject, but it is also a suggestion. For the truth of this Wagner himself shall be a witness. In his remarks on the Choral Symphony, he substantially says that the work represents (I quote Dr. Hüffer) "the struggle of the human heart for happiness. In the first movement this longing for joy is opposed and overshadowed by the black wings of despondency. . . . The second movement, on the other hand, with its quick and striking rhythmical formation, describes that wild mirth of despair which seeks respite and repeneth in the waves of physical enjoyment. The trio again may be considered as a dramatic rendering of the village scene in *Pauls*. The *Adagio*, with its sweet pure harmonies, appears, after this, like a dim recollection of former happiness and innocence. . . . Considering that Wagner regards music alone as barren, and only capable of being "exercised in parturition" without bringing forth, it is astonishing what the purely orchestral movements of the Symphony convey to him. In this description he "unconsciously" indicates the true grandeur, independence, and self-sufficiency of the unaided art. Its strength and glory lie in the very qualities which he elsewhere speaks of as its weakness and shame. To make it the mere expression of worded poetry is to harp on Pegasus; for the genius of music is never so noble and attractive as when free in its own domain. Carlyle hints at this when he speaks of music as "a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that." Make it the accompaniment of articulate, comprehensible speech, and you limit its powers. There is no question of gazing into the infinite then; the bounds which confine it are narrow and visible. But leave music free to range the world of sound, and it brings back infinite and infinitely varied treasures. How thankful ought we to be for what Wagner calls an "artistic error." To it we owe the intellectual wealth of Bach, the gaiety and humour of Haydn, the tenderness and grace of Mozart, the sublimity and pathos of Beethoven, the refined beauty of Mendelssohn, the artless song of Schubert, and the fervent, soul-revealing poetry of Schumann. If these things be the results of "artistic error," let us cling to error, and reject the truth. At any rate, let us not proclaim the doom of music as a separate art, at the bidding of one who, having a mission, seeks to magnify its importance, and who, being at the head of a movement, would make the little sphere in which he works comprise the whole world.

MUSIC AT SYDNEY.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Royal English Opera Company (G. B. Allen's) is playing Offenbach's *Geneviève de Brabant* with great success at the Victoria. It has been brought out with excellent effect as the Christmas piece, and is followed by a harlequinade, the characters, *Geneviève*, *Drogan*, *Burgomaster*, and *Golo*, being converted into columbine, clown, &c. Miss Alice May's *Drogan* is remarkably good, and creates even a greater effect here than in Melbourne. It is reported that His Excellency the Governor and Lady Robinson declared themselves more amused than with anything they had previously witnessed on the operatic stage. To-night the company revives the *Grand Duchess*, and that will be followed by *The Lily of Killarney*. Miss May's sympathetic voice and natural style, without a touch of "staginess," are peculiarly suitable to the part of Eily. Mr. Hallam, a fast rising tenor, has made a good impression as the Duke in *Geneviève*. Mr. Templeton, as Charles Martel, Mr. Vernon and Mr. Rainford as the Gendarmes, and Miss Lambert as *Geneviève*, have all made a success. The company proceed to New Zealand at the completion of their present engagement. In Melbourne both pantomimes have been successful, that at the Royal especially. At the Prince of Wales, Miss Winstone, Miss Woolridge, and Miss Howard, have distinguished themselves in Mr. Gurnet Walsh's local pantomime, *Australia Felix*. The Italian Opera has been at Ballarat and Geelong, and some of the company now proceed to Tasmania for a few weeks. Jan. 24, 1874.

I seek not beauty's withering light,
To me this boon impart:
I ask a gem more pure and bright—
Your true and faithful heart.

HANOVER.—M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* has been very successfully produced at the Theatre Royal. The artists exerted themselves to the utmost to ensure the success of the work. The characters were thus distributed: Julia, Mdle Orgeni; Roméo, Herr Gunz; Steplamo, Mdle Pauli; Mercutio, Herr Stagemann; and Lorenzo, Herr Baumann.

OPERA AT VIENNA.

The first impression on arriving here, is, "What a magnificent city!" the second, "How exquisitely clean!" the next, and most durable, because we are constantly reminded, "How dreadfully windy it is!"—Yes, undoubtedly it is, alas! the head quarters of Boreas, and it shows his *perspicax*, for he has established himself in the most magnificent city in Europe or elsewhere; and also the dearest. Ye who have not a plethora of purse or reliable credit at your bankers, eschew Vienna: "dream of it," "think of it," if it please you, but go not near it. Expensive, eh? I should think so, when the ladies, with their long trains of costly dresses, sweep up all the dirt of the sidewalks instead of the scavengers, "and thereby hang" such tails. They are a trifle behind in newspaperology, too: would you believe it, we had to wait three days, till the English papers arrived, to know the result of our boat-race. There was some tall swearing amongst the English (male) community. The greatest attraction in the city, at present, is the Italian opera, at the theatre "An der Wien," much to the rage and bitter jealousy of the critics, who see their own grand Operahouse more than half empty, while the Italian opera is crammed to suffocation. And no wonder, for, if the artists are compared, the Opera of Vienna is literally "nowhere." The company of Patti consists of some of the finest singers in the world, and all of them have sung last winter in Russia. Nicolini, Cotogni and Scalchi had to leave to fulfil their Covent Garden engagements. It is really marvellous to find such enthusiasm in so grave and sedate a people as the Austrians. I have heard them go nearly frantic over Patti, with cheers and yells, worthy of the most excited mob of Russian students—or Irish ones, which is about the same thing. It must be their intense love of music and appreciation of sterling merit. The Empress, who never goes anywhere, comes to see that "mite" of a *prima donna*, and testifies her delight in a most unmistakable manner. Yesterday morning came an imposing document, signed by the Emperor's own hand, nominating the tiny Marchioness, in recognition of her great talents, "Kammersängerin," to the Court of Vienna. Six years ago, you may remember, she had a similar honour paid to her by the Emperor of Russia, with the addition of a jewelled decoration of the order of merit. It is considered so great an honour for Patti, because no stranger ever gets nominated Kammersängerin, unless they sing habitually at the Grand Opera, which Patti never has done—merely in Italian Opera. The little Marchioness has been very fortunate this season, in gifts both in Russia and St. Petersburg, such bracelets of solitaire diamonds, a brooch of enormous black pearls surrounded with diamonds, and other gifts of great value that I have spoken before of. The Easter week Patti, Gayarre, Mendioroz, and Foli, go to Pesth to sing in two concerts—(by the way, what a very lovely city; it is wonderfully picturesque). Two days after the concerts were announced, there was not a ticket to be had at any price. The weather has set in extremely warm here; and at Pesth it is as hot as London in July. There is quite a probability of Patti going to America this autumn. Foli, also, as he has had three offers in as many months; they seem determined to get him over there at any cost, but he don't like so much salt and water.—*Au revoir!*

April 3, 1874.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA THEATRE.

This elegant theatre re-opened on Easter Monday last, with a powerful and well selected company, including the names of Miss Edith Stuart, Messrs. Danvers, Shore and Falconer. The energy of Mr. Thorpe Pede, the persevering and enterprising manager, has placed before the public an entertainment of the highest class, and worthy of the most liberal patronage. The special engagement of Mr. Edmund Falconer, who appears in his celebrated play of *Eileen Oge*, adds not a little to the attractions of this now popular place of amusement. *Eileen Oge* has already been well criticised; and suffice it now to say, that nothing has been left undone to make it as acceptable as when brought out a few years back at the Princess's. The management deserve great praise for the way in which the piece has been placed upon the stage.

MUSIC IN PASSION WEEK.

Although some foreign critics and artists, Herr Anton Rubinstein among them, insist that the English are the least musical nation in the world, it is doubtful whether in any other city so many admirable performances of the highest order of sacred music could be given within so brief a period as last week in London, at churches and in concert-rooms. The "sacred oratorio," distinguished from the sacred lyric drama, as the *Passions* of Bach and the *Messiah* of Handel are distinguished from most of the other oratorios of Handel, and from the two great works of Mendelssohn—*St. Paul* and *Elijah*—are now taking their proper place. True, the *Messiah* was never intended as part of an act of worship; but its character throughout, to say nothing of the sublimity of the theme which it sets forth, entitles it in every respect to that distinction; and not long hence we may safely augur that it will become, on all peculiarly festive occasions connected with the rites of the Church, a frequent and welcome, as it assuredly must be an appropriate, adjunct. The oratorios of J. S. Bach, like all his sacred compositions, indeed, were written for one purpose alone—that of forming part in a solemn Church ceremony, for this or that occasion, in accordance with its special bearing and significance. How long a period elapsed before the public in England became acquainted with them, and how long they were almost exclusively known to students, who kept them in their libraries, without dreaming of a chance of their ever being put to other and more extended uses, we need not say. Now, thanks first to Sir Sterndale Bennett, founder and director of the Bach Society, who first brought the *Matthew Passion* before a large audience of Englishmen, and next to Mr. Barnby, who was instrumental in getting up a splendid performance of the oratorio on a certain Good Friday (April 6, 1871) in Westminster Abbey, and who afterwards produced both the *St. John Passion* and the *Christmas Oratorio*, these mighty inspirations are becoming more and more familiar, and, in contradistinction to the accepted axiom, with the more familiarity the more respect—the more love, to speak the plain truth. If Mr. Barnby had accomplished during his artistic career nothing else than this good work, it would always redound to his fame.

Last week we had the *Matthaus Passions-Musik* at St. Paul's Cathedral (Tuesday) and at Westminster Abbey (Wednesday), while the *Johannes-Passions-Musik* was given at St. Ann's Chapel, Soho. A report of the St. Paul's ceremony has already appeared in our columns. That at Westminster, like that in St. Paul's, was almost precisely the same as before. First, there was Evening Prayer, Mr. Flood Jones, Precantor, intoning. Then followed the opening part of the *Passion*, Mr. Barnby conducting, Dr. Stainer (from St. Paul's) accompanying the recitatives on the pianoforte, Mr. W. H. Cummings taking the solos of the "Narrator," and the other vocal parts being intrusted to Messrs. Lawler and Bell (basses), two young gentlemen belonging to the Abbey Choir, and another from Windsor—all fully competent for the several tasks allotted to them. After the first part of the oratorio, a short and appropriate sermon was preached by Dean Stanley, who selected for his text, Matthew, chap. 22, verse 22—"Lord, is it I?"—which made some think that the anniversary of the "Betrayal" was hardly so well suited for an introduction of the *Passion*, as the anniversary of the Crucifixion. The sermon was as eloquent and to the purpose as it was brief. After this discourse the second part of Bach's oratorio was given. Such performances ought not to be criticised, but they deserve hearty recognition when they are worthy the occasion, as was the case in the present instance. The ordinary choir of Westminster Abbey was strengthened by delegates from Mr. Barnby's own excellent chorus, and Mr. Jekel, assistant organist at the Cathedral, played the organ accompaniments. The general impression created was such as to encourage a hope that for years and years to come the glorious music of Bach may play a conspicuous part in the special services during Holy Week.

At the Royal Albert Hall we have had a regular flood of sacred music. There Mr. Barnby, at the head of his splendid choir, is thoroughly at home, and works for the cause of sacred music as few have worked before him. During the week there were two performances of the *Messiah*, one of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, together with Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and three of the *Matthew Passion* of John Sebastian Bach, all on the highest scale of excellence. These performances were invariably well attended. To criticise them in detail would be superfluous. What the vocalists of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society are since Mr. Barnby became conductor it is scarcely necessary to say, nor how they sing the choruses in the *Messiah*. With regard

to the *Matthew Passion* of Bach, we all know what Mr. Barnby has done to make this sublime work popular. Each time it is heard the interest in it increases, and while we are in perfect agreement with those who think it should always form part of a religious Church service, as originally intended by the composer, and although to hear it at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, for that reason alone, the more edifying, we cannot by any means find it unacceptable when given, as it has been on several occasions, under Mr. Barnby's direction, at Albert Hall, and elsewhere. The chief singers in the *Messiah* were Madame Otto Alvsleben, Madame Patey, and Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Signor Campobello; those in Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Agnes Walton, and Mr. Cummings, who, in the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, were joined by Madame Patey and Signor Campobello. At this performance, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were in the Royal box. The solo vocalists at the three performances of the *St. Matthew Passion* were Madame Otto Alvsleben, Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Thurley Beale, and Signor Giulio Perkins (of Her Majesty's Opera). That much of Bach's music was omitted is only a trifle told story. It is invariably, and, perhaps, inevitably so in the church, and appears to be not less inevitably the case in the concert-room. Why so many of these great works are spun out to such a length, that it becomes inexpedient to present them in their entirety, it is impossible to say. The service at Westminster Abbey was professedly limited to two hours; but the *Matthew Passion* itself, if given as the composer wrote it, would take more than three. This was proved by Sir Michael Costa at a recent performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society in Exeter Hall, when, with the conscientiousness of a great musician—shown equally in the performance of Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*, under his direction—he would not sanction the omission of a single bar. If all oratorios were limited to the duration of Mr. Macfarren's "short" (so styled by the composer) but not the less magnificent *St. John the Baptist*, it would be a boon to genuine lovers of sacred music. On the whole, these performances at Albert Hall have been creditable to all concerned, and not the least so to Mr. Barnby, the active and intelligent director.

That the *Messiah* was also given in Holy Week by the Sacred Harmonic Society may be taken for granted. The solo singers were Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley; and the conductor, it is scarcely necessary to add, was Sir Michael Costa. At the Crystal Palace the usual Good Friday feast of sacred music was given, with Madame Sherrington, Madame Alvsleben, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Santley, as leading singers, added to the Crystal Palace Choir. The conductor was Mr. Manns, under whose direction was given the *Reformation* symphony and the overture to *St. Paul*, with selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, &c. At the ordinary Saturday concert the conspicuous feature was a very fine performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" (*Lobgesang*), with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Katharine Poyntz, and Mr. Vernon Rigby in the solo vocal parts.

And with all this week's music—music, too, of such a character, we are an "unmusical people." Our reply is, that we are a musical people; and our preference for the oratorios and such works by great composers, from Bach and Handel to Mendelssohn, only shows that our taste is for music of the loftiest kind. We can understand Italian, French, and German operatic music, and appreciate it, as we can appreciate and understand the symphonies, quartets, sonatas, &c., of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, and Sterndale Bennett, which are performed nowhere so frequently or so generally as in this country. The Parisians are now bitten with the oratorio mania, as recent performances of Handel's *Messiah* and the *Matthew Passion* of Bach have sufficiently proved; but that the example was first set in England cannot fairly be denied.

BAIREUTH.—The singers charged with interpreting Herr R. Wagner's long-expected *Nibelungen-Trilogy* at the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre, have just received an invitation from the composer to come here this summer in order to commence the study of their parts. Herren Betz and Niemann have already replied, stating their readiness to put in an appearance at the time specified.

LEIRISIC.—Herr J. Lotto, violinist, appeared at the 18th Gewandhaus Concert, when he performed an original unpublished Concerto, No. 3, and Paganini's celebrated "Di tanti Palpiti," in both of which he was much applauded. The rest of the programme consisted of Variations for Orchestra, on a Theme from Haydn, by Brahms; an Overture by W. Bargiel; and the Symphony in C, with the final Fugue, by Mozart.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

WE are told in ancient Jewish records that, once upon a time, the Deity condescended to undergo a kind of competitive examination in wonder-working with the magicians of Egypt. The Deity led off with a number of striking performances, but the magicians contrived to hold their own, till, one day, when all parties, in person or by representatives, were before Pharaoh as umpire, Aaron threw his rod upon the ground and it became a serpent. It is not likely that the magicians had been forewarned of this miracle, but, somehow or other, they managed to imitate it;—they threw their rods on the ground, and straightway a number of serpents wriggled about. So far the contending parties were equal. But, now, came a remarkable episode. The serpent that had been Aaron's rod pounced upon and incontinently swallowed the serpents that had been the magicians' rods. We have always thought this rather unfair. Aaron's serpent—a great deal bigger one than the others, or it could not have swallowed them—might have been content with its physical advantages, and with its obvious supremacy. A giant need not knock down a dwarf in order to prove that he has the ability so to do. Moreover, in the case of the serpents, the magicians were unnecessarily deprived of an essential part of their stock-in-trade, and the offence was one against the rules of fair play. But the incident only illustrates a common feature in human nature. We are all more or less like Aaron's reptile, and want to swallow up our kindred who stand in the way. Big kings make war on little kings; strong men oppress the weak, and Ahab wants Naboth's vineyard all the world over. Here is Richard Wagner, for example, a great man and a mighty, with whose name and fame the Continents ring; who is "a prophet, and more than a prophet;" who has invented a lyric drama, written poems, smitten everybody and everything opposed to him hip and thigh, and set the musical world in a blaze with fire engendered by the flint of impudence and the steel of genius. Surely such a man ought to be satisfied! Surely so big a serpent might allow smaller ones to bask in the sun undisturbed! Why, even Caesar, though he overshadowed Rome, permitted petty men to crawl about underneath his huge legs, and never kicked them into the Tiber, unless they trod on his toes. Cannot Wagner imitate the old Emperor's magnanimity? Not he. Had he been Aaron's serpent, we very much fear that he would have swallowed the magicians as well as their transmogrified rods, and then finished up with Pharaoh as a *bonne bouche*. Everybody knows that he has long cast an evil eye upon Beethoven, who however, happens to be a big mouthful not quite so easily snapped up as some others, and therefore requires to be cautiously dealt with. In analogous cases, serpents have a habit of slavering their victim all over till he shines with oily mucus, and is in a fit condition to slip down easily. Wagner seems to have done much the same thing with

Beethoven. His favourite attitude is one of worship at the great master's shrine, and his voice is often heard leading the songs of praise in which a world proudly acts as chorus. But now and then the ultimate purpose reveals itself, just as in stage-plays the fawning villain sometimes retires "up" and scowls. Years ago, Wagner put forth the idea that the object of his idolatry, the "inspired master," was, through nearly all his life, the victim of error, and that his writings were "necessarily erroneous." According to him Beethoven produced upon curious spectators the effect of "a genial madman," because labouring to express himself with imperfect means, and only uttering gibberish. This, it must be confessed, went a long way towards swallowing the master. Once get the world to believe that a man, however good his intentions and noble his thoughts, can only talk nonsense, and very few will trouble to listen. But recently, Wagner has done the "necessarily erroneous" master a far worse turn,—in point of fact, Beethoven, from a Wagnerian point of view, is swallowed completely. Not only, it seems, were Beethoven's utterances enigmatical, but their form and construction were imperfect, and need the revision which Wagner is perfectly willing and, on his own showing, able to give. In an article written by him last year this militant musician is down upon Beethoven's orchestration with a vengeance. The master, we are told, wrote for the means and methods of his day, though his ideas, however incoherent, were suited to the means and methods of this later time. What follows? Simply that Wagner must go to work upon Beethoven, and make him give more sonorous expression to his ravings. If anybody doubts this as a statement, let him read an article in the current number of the *Monthly Musical Record*, where the whole matter is set forth and, we are sorry to add, endorsed by an English critic. Whoever reads that article will join us in saying—"Alas! poor Beethoven." There are some indignities which can crush the strongest vitality. To prove Beethoven a madman was bad enough; but for Wagner to show the necessity for patching up his artistic creations is fatal. Henceforth, the temple of music must be devoted to serpent worship, with Wagner, having swallowed all rivals, as a bloated and distended god.

TURIN.—*Carlo il Temerario*, by the Cavaliere Geremia Piazzano, will be performed this season at the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele. It is not a new work, however, having been performed in 1867 at Piacenza.

BRUSSELS.—Halévy's *Charles VI.* has been revived at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, where it had not been played since 1854. The management had spent a trifle in getting it up, and the characters were, on the whole, well sustained. The result is a success, or something more like one than ought to which M. Campocasso is usually accustomed. Mme Galli-Marie is good as Odette. The part, as originally created, in Paris, by Mme Stoltz, is beyond her means; but, thanks to omitting a passage here, and altering another there, she gets through it with credit to herself and satisfaction to the audience. M. Rondit makes, musically speaking, an excellent King. M. Warot does all he can with the character of the Dauphin, while Mlle Hamackers, as Isabelle of Bavaria, elicited loud and frequent applause. The chorus and orchestra were entitled to high praise. The two great features in the *mise-en-scène* were the march past in the third act, when the armour of the soldiers, the gilded casques and glittering coats of mail of the knights, excited loud marks of approbation, and a grand cavalry charge at the conclusion of the act. Herr von Flotow's *Martha* has been performed with Mlle Singelee in the principal part, but the result was not satisfactory.—*Giroflé-Girofla* is growing in popularity every evening at the Alcazar, and the principal airs are already heard, hummed or whistled, in the streets; they may be hourly expected on the barrel-organs.—The chief attraction at the fifth Popular Concert was M. Brassin's performance of Grieg's Concerto for the Pianoforte. The work is unequal, but full of promise. The other more prominent pieces were Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, Max Bruch's introduction to *Loreley*, and "La Cloche," by Carl Stör.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It is reported that the husband of the celebrated Catalani said on the day of their marriage: "Madame Catalani will sing this evening." On the day following, he observed: "We sing this evening." Three days afterwards, his assertion took the form of: "I sing this evening." Only another variation of the bellows-blower and the organist, of the fly on the carriage-wheel, and so on, and so on.

We have frequently remarked before to-day that, to know really and truly what we are doing here in England, it is not sufficient to be acquainted with what our own newspapers, daily and weekly, our magazines and blue books say; we must keep ourselves well posted up, also, in the Continental and American press. Thus, but for a foreign contemporary, we should never have been aware that our Consul at Rome has discovered an infallible method for manufacturing tenors, sopranos, baritones, contraltos, and basses, and that he has sent an account of it in a report to his Government, which report was subsequently read to Parliament. Our contemporary does not say whether, under the term "Parliament," we are to understand the Upper or the Lower House, or both. This is the more provoking, because we have searched the reports of the debates in vain for any mention of, or allusion to, the report in question. We are informed that, in it, the Consul draws attention to the fine voices for which the inhabitants of the Eternal City are distinguished, and for which he accounts by a theory of his own. When a Roman mother is obliged to leave home, she swathes up her baby very carefully, and then hangs it, as she would her own market-basket, or her husband's great-coat, to a nail in the wall. Thus suspended, the baby is allowed to scream and cry at its ease, sometimes for hours together. "This exercise," observes the energetic and intelligent Consul in the report, "develops the vocal organs in a remarkable manner." We trust that the hint will not be thrown away, and that in England, where the love of music is increasing so much, every nursery will in future boast of its row of convenient pegs as regularly as our entrance halls do.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE REV. RICHARD HILL'S "Reading and Drawing-room Musicals" took place on Wednesday, April 8th, in the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington. The vocalists were Miss Purdy, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. C. Savidge, and Signor Caravoglia; violinist, M. Greebe; pianist, Madame Julia Woolf. Amongst the noticeable items in the programme were a Reading from *King John* (Act IV., Scene I.) by the Rev. R. Hill; "Se M'abbandoni," by Mercadante, artistically sung by Miss Purdy; "The Village Blacksmith," by Weiss, given in his best manner by Signor Caravoglia; Osborne and De Beriot's Duo, "Guillaume Tell," for pianoforte and violin, played by Madame Julia Woolf and M. Greebe; a song entitled "L'Onda," by Louisa Gray, sung with great effect by Miss Purdy, and deservedly encored; Rossini's "Largo al Factotum," sung by Signor Caravoglia, and received with delight, as usual, by the audience; and a Reading, "The Raven" (T. S. Coleridge), by the Rev. R. Hill. Mr. E. D. Holmes was the conductor, and the evening's entertainment was altogether highly successful.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD ASSEMBLY ROOMS, EYRE ARMS.—Signor Torretti, a young baritone singer, who has been studying at Florence, gave a concert on the 27th ult., at the above locale, which attracted a large number of his friends and patrons. Signor Torretti has a good style and a good voice, which he displayed to advantage in the *cavatina*, "D'Egitto," from *Nabucco*, and in Mozart's "Non piu andrai." He also sang, with Mr. Alfred Reynolds, the tenor singer, a duet from *Martino Faliero*, and in some concerted pieces, in which he was much applauded. Signor Monari Rocca gave the *bénéficiaire* his assistance, and sang some Italian songs. Mr. Alfred Reynolds gave, in his usual effective style, two or three solos. The Misses Edith Shield, Rice, and Palmer sang several of the popular songs of the day, whilst Miss Juanita Prytherique delighted all present by her capital interpretation of a pianoforte piece by Ascher. Mr. Fred. Clarke also gave solos by Chopin and Beethoven, and, in conjunction with Miss Prytherique and Mr. Lansdown Cottell, accompanied the vocal music. The concert was a success.

Suppose that your hand I ventured to squeeze,
Or gently trod on your toe—
Would you be sad, or would you look glad?
I'm sure I should like to know!

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—On Palm Sunday evening was produced, for the first time in England, a new *Stabat Mater*, by F. Van Heddeghem, and, as far as we can judge from the first hearing, we venture to say—writes the *Brighton Gazette*—that the work is a success and possesses great merit, but in order to do the composer justice in every respect, we asked the composer to let us have the score, and we find that it exhibits originality in design, in tone-painting, in the choice of themes, and also a perfect knowledge of all the resources of the art.—On Tuesday Mr. Cummings' cantata, *The Fairy Ring*, was given in the Dome Concert Room with decided success; and Mr. Burnand gave his "Happy Thoughts" on Thursday.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Festival Choral Society gave the *Messiah* on Tuesday evening. Mr. Vernon Rigby—says the *Birmingham Post*—sang the tenor music throughout with great fervour and vocal brilliancy, especially distinguishing himself in the impetuous "Thou shalt break them." Mme. Patey's glorious contralto voice is never heard to more advantage than in the *Messiah*. Of Mr. Santley's singing of the principal bass music it would be impossible to say too much. Mme. Corani, upon whom the principal soprano music devolved, more than confirmed the favourable impression created by her previous singing here, when we had occasion to remark upon the power, freshness, and fullness of tone, so rare in these days of light sopranos, which her performance revealed. Nothing could well have been better than her singing of the air, "How beautiful are the feet," which was enthusiastically and deservedly applauded.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Sunday Times* has the following about the Fidelio of Mdlle. Tietjens:—

"Opera-goers of this generation have known but one real Fidelio, and in the person of Mdlle. Tietjens have beheld that glorious conception gloriously realized. It must be their lasting delight that the unrivalled powers of this magnificent artist appear to glow with fresh lustre as age adds maturity to their achievements, without detracting from their beauty or their vigour. Never was the Fidelio of Mdlle. Tietjens more superb—more perfect—than on Saturday last. To those wonderful vocal resources which appear perennially juvenescent, Mdlle. Tietjens contributed an energy and force perfectly unexpected. To recapitulate her performance in detail would necessitate a much greater expenditure of words than are now ours to bestow; it is our preference, moreover, to take her Fidelio as a comprehensive whole, and to speak of it as such. It was Tom Hood's modest wish that his epitaph might be the simple announcement that 'He sung "The Song of the Shirt." The lasting record of Tietjens' greatness, whenever it is needed, might aptly be 'She was Fidelio.'"

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—At the theatres the Easter of 1874 is noticeable rather for the quantity of novelties produced than the quality. The new and original comedies, &c., have mostly proved *réchauffées* of ancient materials, and the revivals of standard works have fallen flat, owing partly to the incapacity of the artists, and partly to an over confidence in Dresden china and nigger boys.

The Easter fare at the Haymarket is an extravaganza in the Planché style. *The Loves of Cupid and Psyche* are daintily told by a new author whose modesty withholds his name from the programme, but whose maiden effort gives good promise of more important work to come. Mrs. Mellon acted as only Mrs. Mellon can, and to her is due much of the applause with which the piece was received.

At the Gaiety *The Clandestine Marriage* is revived, followed by a burlesque of Mr. Burnand's. This last is so dreary a production that a can-can danced by two Christy Minstrels was hailed with delight, and tended somewhat to enliven an audience bored by one of Mr. Burnand's longest and dullest of efforts.

Mr. Albery has written a comedy for Mr. Toole, which appears to be a parody of the late Tichborne trial. Unfortunately for the author, the farce shares the fate of so many of his recent productions, and fails. Even Mr. Toole, who is deservedly considered one of our most refined comedians, was unable to tone down the extravagance of the situations.

An "unhand-me-ruffian" style of melodrama at the Holborn has not met with great success. Mr. Byron provides Mr. J. S. Clarke with a very Micawberish character, from which, of course, the talented American gentleman extracts as much broad fun as possible. The conversation he holds with his umbrella would make the fortune of any piece but the thumb-screw.

Mr. Reece's *Dolly's Delusion*, at the Strand, is not a warmed-up edition of his *Dora's Device*. This is the only remark the piece calls for.

Miss Wilton's company has attempted the *School for Scandal* with about as much success as a short time since attended the efforts of a number of distinguished centenarians in the same comedy. It will, however, make the fortunes of the upholsterer and scene-painter.—Yours faithfully,

PURF.

MACFARREN'S JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist* presents in all respects the strongest possible contrast to the oratorio of the younger composer. The subject is well adapted for musical treatment; the words—though promiscuously selected from "Holy Writ" by Mr. E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.—give a history of the life of our Lord's great forerunner; the work is short; and finally, Mr. Macfarren's music gives us so complete and perfect an illustration of the Baptist's life that we almost seem to be living in Judea and witnessing the stirring scenes by which the way was prepared for our Lord. One great characteristic of this work is the distinct individuality which the composer has succeeded in impressing on each character concerned in this Bible episode. The stern and inflexible figure of the Baptist in all his greatness is wonderfully contrasted with the weak and voluptuous Herod. The courtiers and warriors who surround the lawless king, ever ready to agree with their master, are, together with the barbaric court, brought vividly before us. The attractive Salome, whose influence over the Tetrarch of Galilee is so fatal to the prophet, appears on the scene in all her charm. In agreement with the biblical narrative her mother Herodias is not introduced. The Narrator, a contralto, tells the story, and we must pay a tribute to the excellent way in which Miss Antoinette Sterling fulfilled this office. The work is divided into two parts, the first being entitled "The Desert," and the second "Macharus." The overture has now been so frequently performed, that we may briefly dismiss it with the remark that it forms a most admirable introduction to the oratorio; from its opening trumpet call to its last chord, the tone is "expectancy." As the work was fully noticed at the time of the Bristol Festival, we shall here only call attention to its prominent features. The opening chorus gives a good idea of the whole subject; Malachi's prophecy, "Behold, I will send my Messenger," being set in massive harmony, a finely worked out fugue terminating the chorus. The first admirably natural notes of the Baptist, "Repent ye," give a key to the entire tone-thought of the oratorio; the song is melodious and yet fit for the rugged prophet without a thought save for his lofty mission. The dialogue between John and the people who come to him for advice is wonderfully graphic; and Mr. Macfarren has made use of a fragment of old Church melody for the Baptist's answer with the happiest effect. The subsequent song of the Prophet, "I indeed baptize you," is in parts of a more florid character: the masterly use of the oboe towards the close is especially notable. Mr. Macfarren has followed the example of Mendelssohn in assigning the words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," to a chorus, instead of to a single voice. This number is one of the most beautiful and original in the work. The chorus is written in three parts, and for ladies' voices only; the accompaniment is assigned to the strings united, with an occasional arpeggio on the harp. Short as this movement is, it is a gem; and it was re-demanded amidst a storm of such applause as is rarely heard at Exeter Hall. No. 9, a song for the Narrator, "In the beginning was the word," seems to us rather out of place, the music also of this fails to move one. The chorus, "My soul praise the Lord," is perhaps the most striking and musically piece of work in the whole oratorio. It opens with a close and massive harmonization of Dr. Croft's fine tune Hanover (104th Psalm), for the voices alone. The first phrase is then taken as the subject of an elaborate fugue in 3-4 time; after this has been worked for some time, a new device enters, the subject is augmented and given to the trombones in octaves, the voices being engaged in florid counterpoint. The third line of the hymn tune is then taken as a fresh subject, the treatment being similar to that of the first part. The end of this chorus, where the brass again comes in, is grand in the extreme. We can recall no piece of tone painting more vivid and imposing than this majestic chorus. An encore was tumultuously demanded, and, amidst a scene of excitement, the composer had to bow his acknowledgements from the side gallery.

The second part of the oratorio introduces us to the palace of the pleasure-loving king. Its opening antiphonal duet between the prophet and Herod is remarkable for the great contrast between the music for the two. The utterances of the sensuous

volatile Tetrarch, and his fearless rebuker, present instances of the most perfect word painting. Again, at the denunciation of the incestuous marriage, use is made of an old church tone; as repentance comes over Herod, so the character of his music changes, until he unites with the prophet in a passage of a subdued and changed tone. The chorus of nobles is exceedingly picturesque, and the themes employed have quite an Eastern flavour. The orchestral accompaniments are very full, and the use of cymbals and the triangle, together with the clever colouring, bring the whole pompous barbaric scene very vividly before our eyes. Beethoven's Dervish chorus may have suggested the form of this movement; but here, as elsewhere, we find no mere reflection of the ideas of others, but strongly marked independence. A change comes over the character of the music when the daughter of Herodias comes in to dance. Nowhere is Mr. Macfarren's genius more apparent than in the treatment of this difficult scene. Let us remind those purists who object to the introduction of dance music in an oratorio, that in this case the story could not be mutilated by its omission, and that as the Bible, itself the revelation of God, relates the sayings and doings of bad men as well as of good, there cannot possibly exist any valid objection to deal musically with the very incident which unexpectedly leads to the death of the prophet. Those who look in this number for the ordinary type of dance music as we understand it, will be disappointed. The time changes to 3-4, and the nobles sing the praises of Salome to short fragments of melodies composed in an Oriental scale, without the 4th and 7th degrees of our diatonic series, and consequently with the skip of two augmented seconds between some of its intervals. The effect is very quaint, and is rendered more so by the picturesque local colouring, the tambourine being especially conspicuous; the clarinet, however, suggests the dance. The impatience of Herod to reward the damsel is admirably depicted in the following air, "Yea, I swear to thee." Salome's *bravura* song, "I rejoice in my youth," hardly pleases us; though full of wild abandon, it is too artificial and too much of an exercise to have welled up from the heart of the exulting dancer. Her timidity and half-suppressed fear when she asks the awful gift, and the sorrow of the rash Herod, are very successfully delineated. The scene that follows, when the nobles and Salome remind the weak Tetrarch of his promise, and sing snatches of his song demanding the sacrifice of St. John, is remarkable for its power and ferocity, the orchestral accompaniments heightening and adding force to the bloody demand of the damsel. The prophet sings in his prison an elaborate song announcing his readiness to die now that his mission has been fulfilled. The introductory recitative is charmingly accompanied by the organ. The number is developed at considerable length, but in no way loses in interest; its placid ending breathes a tone of the deepest religious submission. The Narrator relates the execution of the Baptist in prison, and the modulation at the end of this recitative from C to D flat is masterly, and appropriately introduces a most exquisite unaccompanied quartet, "Blessed are they which are persecuted." This lovely piece of part-writing affords almost as much pleasure to the eye as to the ear, so finely is it written. We note with pleasure a most delicious modulation from five flats to three sharps at the words "for the Lord's sake," and the subsequent return to the initial key at "in heaven." This was also encored. From here to the end is one grand extended chorus; this last section stands apart from the dramatic action, and is designed to represent the feelings of living witnesses of the Baptist's career. It is conceived in the loftiest spirit, and worked out with the skill of a thoroughly practised musician. The end—as the beginning—leaves one in expectancy, the Messenger has prepared the way, and now we look forward anxiously for the coming Messiah.

While Mr. Macfarren's music is throughout worthy of his exalted subject, the same can only be said with reservation of the libretto, though it marches on steadily, telling the tale clearly, and is unencumbered by unnecessary episodes. A musician will detect in this short oratorio many flashes of genius, but perhaps its most striking characteristic is to be noticed in the remarkable manner in which its composer has individualized his actors; not only are their general characters illustrated, but every change in the sentiment is likewise reflected.

Mr. Macfarren, who seemed quite overcome by the reception of his work, again at the conclusion bowed his acknowledgments, pointing emphatically to the performers; and not without cause, for we never remember to have assisted at so perfect a first rendering. The soloists, Madame Lemmens, Miss Sterling, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, together with the band and chorus, are deserving of the highest praise, and the pains they took contributed in no small degree to the success of the oratorio; nor must we omit to thank the Sacred Harmonic Society for its enterprise in bringing forward the work.

Mr. Macfarren has given us a valuable addition to the limited stock of worthy oratorio music; his work is an honour to English art, and seems to us to bridge over the interval between *Elijah* and the *Messiah* with the excellence of which it stands in close relationship.

We may add that *St. John the Baptist* has been published in a convenient form by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Verdi's masterpiece, *Rigoletto*, was produced on Saturday night, with the approval it never fails to command, even when indifferently represented. We should be sorry to think that the continued success of this work depends in any degree upon its inexpressibly horrible and repulsive libretto. Victor Hugo's story is bad enough, even to be read; on the stage, as we find it in *Rigoletto*, the better it is played the more sickening it becomes. No; it cannot be the deceived and deceiving jester, the libertine duke, the assassin, the courtizan, the courtly panderers, and the body in the sack, that the public flock to look upon, any more than it can be that they love to hear the expression of all manner of unholy passions. The fact is that Verdi's masterly music overbalances the repugnance inspired by its connected story, and adds one more to many proofs that in lyric drama the composer is a greater man than the poet, for whose shortcomings or want of taste his genius can make ample atonement. Seldom has *Rigoletto* been performed with a cast more attractive as regards novelty. Gilda, for example, was represented by Mdle. Lodi, who, having recovered from illness, made her second appearance. The young lady was again received with every encouragement, but again her singing and acting showed, at the outset, a condition of nervousness and constraint which did not augur well. Mdle. Lodi, however, contrived to be more herself before encountering the ordeal of "Caro nome," which she sang so admirably as to win a unanimous and hearty encore. Her rendering of that well-known air was distinguished by not a few qualities which go towards the making of an accomplished vocalist. Nothing could be neater in execution than the various "graces" of the melody; her scale passages were almost perfect, and the whole effort evinced, in addition to technical culture, considerable artistic intelligence and feeling. At the close of the *scena* Mdle. Lodi stood higher than ever before in the opinion of those who heard her. Dramatically she was weak, and in several important situations failed to meet the demands upon her, but this, we believe, was due more to inexperience and self-distrust than want of innate power. Our reason for so thinking is based upon the fact that in the climax of the last act, when Gilda learns her lover's faithlessness, sees his danger, and determines to sacrifice her own life for his, Mdle. Lodi obviously rose to the occasion, and acquitted herself with a truthful intensity of expression that left very little to desire. There can now be little doubt as regards the promise she holds forth. That the new-comer will shine as a star of the first magnitude is not likely, but it rests with herself whether she is ever to fill a good and enviable place among interpreters of the lyric drama. The part of Maddalena, small though it be, is never unimportant when played by Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, whose charm of voice and style would confer distinction upon music with no claims of its own. How Maddalena's part in the popular quartet, "Un di se ben" (encored), and in the subsequent scenes, was taken by the accomplished contralto, there is no need to tell. Suffice it that nothing could have been better. As the Duke, Signor Naudin illustrated the supreme value of experience and tact under trying conditions. With his conception of the character little fault could be found, while applause was fairly earned by the discretion shown in the management of a

voice no longer fresh and flexible. It says much for this tried artist that he carried off a fair share of the evening's honours. Sparafucile had a bluff and sonorous voiced representative in Signor Costa, with regard to whose merits we must be silent till he is heard in a more prominent part. Enough now, that his embodiment of the assassin was adequate in all essential respects. Signor Galassi, heard twice previously as the Conte di Luna of *Il Trovatore*, made a far more successful appearance as the miserable jester. With his idea of the character we entirely agree. Signor Galassi comprehends that the Duke of Mantua's fool was not a mountebank so much as a wag whose tongue was licensed for the sake of the laugh it raised. He therefore indulges but slightly in the broadly-comic business of the part, even before the shadow of Monterone's curse has fallen upon him, though he does so quite enough to assert the character and freedom of his position. In serious situations, Signor Galassi proved that he is equal to the expression of strong feeling, and that he has a good hold upon the sympathies of the audience. This was well shown in the duets with Gilda, especially that in the second act, and in the appeal to the courtiers. In brief, the new baritone revealed himself as a dramatic artist possessing ability above the average. His voice is singularly beautiful in quality throughout its entire range, and he uses it with the ease and skill of a well-trained singer. It is needless to say, therefore, that his success was of a very gratifying description, or that we shall watch Signor Galassi's career with the interest springing from hope of its value. The general performance of *Rigoletto* was excellent, band and chorus both contributing their very best under Sir Michael Costa's direction.

"THE PROCESSION OF OUR LADY OF BOULOGNE."

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., received his friends of the art world, by invitation, on Sunday and Monday last, for a private view of the pictures he has painted for the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy. The subject of his principal work is "The Procession home of Our Lady of Boulogne," one which, from his peculiar genius and power of treatment, is admirably adapted to his brush. The ceremony occurs annually, on the 14th of August, at Boulogne, and is well known to English visitors who frequent the popular French watering-place at the height of the season, who, when they see the picture, will recognize the truth with which it is reproduced on canvas. The scene is taken as the procession (which is said to be a mile long, and takes hours to pass through the streets) is winding up the "Grande Rue." The principal feature of the subject is the Bishop blessing the children who are being anxiously put within reach of his benediction by their anxious mothers, he being surrounded by his priests, acolytes, and attendants, while the public, composed of the varied specimens of a Boulogne crowd, in every variety of Sunday sea-side and national costume, are looking on—including English and French ladies, fish-women, and sailors, police authorities and *flancurs*, every face illustrative of the various phases of character so familiar to visitors at the popular seaport. The balconies of the houses, gaily decorated, are filled with attractive and interested lookers-on. Mr. Frith has a peculiar faculty for the selection of pretty faces amongst his female illustrations, and everybody knows how well he can group and paint them. The two young English ladies kneeling on the pavement, to participate in the Bishop's blessing, are charmingly expressive in their style, dress, colouring, and pose; and the varied types of people are so marked that they constitute an increased interest in the scene he has so admirably painted. The grouping is most artistic and natural, and the varied tones of tint could only have been arrived at from accurate study of the original models composing them. One would have imagined that the Bishop had stood for his portrait, so remarkably like is it in figure, face, and costume to the one who has frequently taken his place in the procession.

This picture will attract as great crowds round it on the 1st of May, and during the season, as "The Derby Day," "Ramsgate Sands," and "The Railway Station" did; and as the artist seems to paint better every year, it is perhaps on that account more worthy of admiration.

He has two other pictures for exhibition; one a lovely specimen of English beauty, an imaginary portrait of Pamela, the other a youthful maiden at prayer.

H. W. G.

FLOWERS IMPROVED BY ELECTRICITY.

(From "Another World.")

"Marry Nature's gifts the one with the other, amalgamate sympathetic electricities in their due proportions, and give increased beauty to loveliness, even as ye give increased strength to iron and marble, by welding their particles into one imperishable mass."*

III.

PRODUCTION OF COLOUR.

It is electricity that, as I have said, gives colour to plants. Their varied tints depend on the sympathy or attraction of their electricity to sun and light electricities. Particular parts of the plant, from the nature of their fibre, have the power to attract larger portions than others of the colouring electricities.

When it is wished to produce different colours in the flower, other electricities are used, with or without those producing variety of form. The electricities for producing colours are contained in small pouches, as many in number as the colours we desire to produce. Then, being placed together at the base of the flower-pot, each on the particular part of the "flower form" which is to be affected, their orifices are opened and the contents of each one are instantaneously emitted.

Most plants are susceptible of every variety of colour; thus are produced roses, pink, blue, green, lilac, brown, fire-colour, and sun-colour—which last is a colour so brilliant that the eye that has long gazed upon it stands in need of repose.

Amongst the electricities for giving colours is sun electricity, received in different ways. Again, the electricities of some birds give lovely colours; and so does that of the gold fish. Moss gives a colour resembling fire-sparks. Frogs produce a beautiful violet.

Where the flowers and leaves have not a decided perfume of their own, we can give a beautiful fragrance to either, though not to both on the same plant. To produce this result we inoculate the plant with certain fragrant gases. Our dahlias, unlike yours, yield a highly fragrant and delightful perfume.

The plants treated by us in these ways are fifty called flowers, presenting as they do a mass of blossoms and exhaling delicious perfumes. They act, mediately or immediately, on the concentrated light of the organization through the nerves of smell, as beautiful sounds through the medium of the ear, or as beautifully harmonized colours through the eye. You will recollect that a modification of concentrated light is supposed to be the link through which the soul communicates its impressions to the brain, on whose divisions it is made to act in electric forms.

Besides an infinite variety of flowers, we produce every variety of colour and perfume in the leaves of the evergreens which adorn our streets and habitations, emitting healthy and refreshing fragrance, increased by every movement of the wind.

* This refers to the marble-iron, an everlasting material used in the construction of the Mountain Supporter, "whose head reached unto Heaven."—See "Another World."

(To be continued.)

RAVENNA.—The Corporation have resolved on giving the name of the Via Mariani to one of the streets near the Teatro Municipale.

FLORENCE.—Signor Gobati's now well-known opera, *I Goti*, has been brought out here. The performance on the first night resulted in a perfect triumph, but that on the second night resulted in nothing of the kind, and, on second thoughts, the public evidently do not entertain so high an opinion of the work as the ecstatic Bolognese. The principal characters were admirably sustained by Signore De Baciocchi, Donati, Signori Abrugnedo, Storti, Bechari and Ulloa.

REVIEWS.

CRAMER & Co.

The Voice the Music of Language and the Soul of Song, By WILBYE COOPER.

THIS brochure (pp. 27) is more definitely and less poetically described on the title-page as "A Short Essay on the Art of Singing;" and the author thus defines its scope in his preface:—"I believe in no royal road to fame, nor do I attempt to indicate one. I have every reason to believe in the old adage, that 'an ounce of practice is better than a pound of theory,' and, by pointing out that which I have found to be the practice of the best and greatest singers, I trust that I may be of some use to amateurs, as well as to those who wish to be reckoned as artists." Mr. Cooper has unquestionably a right to be heard upon the matter he discusses, and, after reading his observations, we can do no less than commend them as admirably adapted for good. The writer discusses many important technical matters, such as the pronunciation of vowels, emission of tone, management of breath, &c., with clearness and good sense, and also with the authority belonging to one who occupies a high place in his profession. Teachers of singing may learn something from Mr. Cooper, while students may learn much.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

The Blue Bells of Scotland. Transcribed for the Pianoforte by J. G. DENT. HERE we have the old air with five short variations, well constructed, and not difficult. A pleasant piece for young folk.

Butterfly Bowers. Song. Words by R. Y. STURGES. Music by J. C. ROMELLI.

A SIMPLE and pretty song in E flat, for soprano or tenor. Words good, music expressive.

The Homeward Watch. Words by W. C. BENNETT. Music by J. B. WALDECK.

THIS is a well-written, if not a striking, song. The melody wants originality and the accompaniment is a little too familiar to carry out the composer's obvious intentions. Nevertheless, the song will be a popular one, because it lies within ordinary means, and the subject of the words is one always acceptable to English folk. Key, F major; voice, contralto or baritone.

The Outward Bound. Words by W. C. BENNETT. Music by J. B. WALDECK.

THIS is a much better, because more characteristic and distinctive, song than the preceding. There is a good deal of the true sea-dog spirit in it, and the music is well-written, and very effective. We commend the song to baritone amateurs.

A Birdie's Life Song. Words by EDITH R. EDWARDS. Music by A. H. D. PRENDERGAST.

THIS song, which tells the story of a "birdie's life," is redeemed from absolute simplicity and mere prettiness by the treatment of the verse descriptive of the loss of the "pretty mate." Here the melody is given to the pianoforte in the tonic minor, while the voice, in short agitated phrases, tells the melancholy story. The song deserves attention. Key, F major; voice, mezzo-soprano or baritone.

We Roam and Rule the Sea. Words by W. C. BENNETT. Music by J. B. WALDECK.

By no means up to the average of Mr. Waldeck's songs.

A Token. Song. Words from *Cassell's Magazine*. Music by J. RICHARDSON.

MR. RICHARDSON is the organist of Salisbury Cathedral, and a composer fully entitled to respectful consideration. We like his present song. It is well-written, somewhat uncommon in its rhythmical features, and has many happily suggestive passages. "A Token" may claim to be placed far above the average of contemporary efforts. Key, D; voice, soprano or tenor.

Yes, I could Roam the Forest wide. Ballad. Words by F. R. GOODYER. Mus. FREDERICK MYERS.

WE see very little to admire in this ballad, which, by-the-way, is not a ballad at all.

Bellini's Last Thoughts. From his last opera, *Beatrice di Tenda*. Arranged for the pianoforte by E. F. RIMBAULT.

AN easy and interesting piece for the drawing-room.

Sweet Nightingale. The popular song by F. BOSCOVITCH, arranged for the piano by J. T. TREKELL.

A SHOWY and brilliant work, adapted for practice in arpeggio playing.

I cannot mind my wheel, Mother! G. LINLEY's ballad, arranged for the pianoforte by J. T. Trekell.

ANOTHER showy and brilliant work, adapted for practice in general fluency.

Shuber Silber across "Austrian Letters."

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

It was for some reasons an unfortunate idea to make Vienna the scene last summer of a universal exhibition. Vienna, properly considered, is such a wonderful exhibition in itself that the construction of a formal show in its immediate neighbourhood was calculated to do it a certain amount of harm by taking away the attention of visitors from its natural, inseparable attractions. Mme. C. S., the writer of these letters, seems to have been in Vienna during the period of the exhibition; nor is there anything in her interesting work to show that she did not see at least the outside of the building constructed for it. She knew, however, that an "exhibition of the products of the industry of all nations" must be much the same whether held in London, Paris, or Vienna; whereas the beer-halls, the dancing-saloons, the public gardens of Vienna are characteristics of that city, and are of a type found nowhere else. One of the most remarkable "products" of Vienna, which at the Exhibition could only have been seen in the lifeless form of music-sheets, is its waltz-music. Vienna was once the city, above all others, of chamber-music. But when Mozart had succeeded Haydn, and Beethoven Mozart, and Schubert Beethoven, the line of great composers was at an end. A change came o'er the spirit of Austrian music; and for the last forty years the musical reputation of Vienna has been kept up, so far as it has been maintained at all, by its waltz music. The old Johann Strauss, whose earliest strains were danced to by those who must long since have given up dancing altogether, was as much the father of the waltz as Haydn was the father of the symphony. Labitzky, Lanner, Gung'l followed without surpassing, or even equalling, the master; and Gung'l took his mission as a waltz composer so seriously to heart that when Strauss died he gave expression to his grief in the form of a waltz, which was to him what the symphony or the sonata was to Beethoven. Perhaps if people were in the habit of waltzing through the cemetery on the way to an open grave, instead of walking towards it with measured tread, the character of a funeral waltz would be as easy to seize as that of a funeral march, and Gung'l would not have failed where Beethoven and Chopin, keeping to proper forms, were sure (apart from the question of genius) to succeed. Gung'l, however, was something like the painter who could paint red lions, and nothing else. He was, above all, a composer of waltzes, and thought it appropriate to celebrate the memory of his friend and master in a sentimental melody, which he could not make lugubrious, and to which he gave the form so much beloved by both. But there were also three sons of Johann Strauss to keep up the family tradition, two of whom Mme. C. S. met with and heard—for they conduct and lead, violin in hand, like the father—during her stay at Vienna. One of the brothers, Johann Strauss, composer of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, gave concerts in London a few years ago, and it is to be hoped carried back with him a better impression than was made upon his father, who, after his visit to England, told Heine that the English had no ear for music, and that not one of them was able to dance in time to his waltzes.

At Pesth Madame C. S. saw the Abbé Liszt, who, in spite of his sixty-two years, has, with his long white hair and his animated expression of countenance, a comparatively youthful appearance. He is suspected of coveting a cardinal's hat, which, for our part (though not in the secrets of the Vatican), we think him very unlikely to obtain. The jubilee held to commemorate Liszt's having completed the fiftieth year of his artistic life—from which the cunning arithmetician will infer that he made his first appearance in public at the age of twelve—was a most exciting affair, both as a musical performance and as a characteristic exhibition of Hungarian life. The town was crowded some days beforehand, for the Hungarians are great patriots, and were determined to honour their illustrious fellow-countryman. The hero of the festival was escorted home with a torchlight procession at his heels; he was serenaded, he was cheered, and even at the concert, when his impulsive, feverish, unmelodious music was being performed, the cries of "Eljen" ("may he live") "covered more than once the sound of the instruments." At supper, national dishes were eaten, accompanied by the national condiment called "paprika," which Balzac must have been thinking of, and not of cayenne pepper, when he compared the latter to "pounded cockshafers." Liszt, for the benefit of the numerous foreigners present, made a speech, not in Hungarian but in French; saying, among other things, that he belonged to Hungary, and that "his talent belonged to Hungary"—a remark which many composers of far more unquestionable talent than Liszt would have been ashamed to utter. On this occasion, as at all great celebrations, the Hungarians wore

their national costume; which, however, they have in a general way laid aside, as the man in the fable, who had wrapped his cloak round him when the wind blew, and abandoned it when the sun shone. Eight years ago, and until the complete reconciliation between Hungary and Austria, the national costume was worn by Hungarians of all classes.

At one of the public gardens of Vienna there were no fewer than three orchestras: an ordinary concert orchestra, a military band, and an orchestra of young ladies—whose arrival in London has, we believe, been already announced. We should be glad, in any case, to see them. They wear dresses of blue faille, with polonaises of white lace, embroidered with pea-pods of blue and red chenille. We are credibly informed that "faille" is a sort of silk and chenille, a kind of velvet, so that the general effect of the costume must be decidedly pretty. The young ladies, moreover, are very good performers, besides which they wear red camellias in their hair. Several of the pieces they played were honoured with a double encore, and the lady conductor was dressed entirely in white, and looked like a bride. She is said to have handled the orchestral *bâton* with energy as well as grace; and it seems quite possible, as Mme. C. S. suggests, that, in orchestral playing, young women may find a new career open to them. One thing rather alarms us in the proceedings of the Viennese ladies of the orchestra. They employ men or boys—at all events, persons of the coarser sex described as "des jeunes gens"—to do what is considered the heavy work of the band; to play "les instruments où la force est nécessaire."

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Messrs. Valnay and Pitron commenced their "summer season" last night, at the Princess's Theatre, with Victor Sardou's *Nos bons Villageois*, which is full of dramatic interest and humour. The wit and epigram contained in it are "kept going" to the end. Mdlle. Kelly and M. Gouget made most satisfactory *débuts*. The young lady (I presume, of Irish origin) possesses considerable individuality, and acts with a grace and *naieté* quite refreshing. Didier and S.hey are admirably fitted with parts, the first as the apothecary of the village, and the second as the "pig-headed" peasant. The comedy was extremely well cast, everybody playing their best, even to the girls who, in the opening scene, are found wrangling over their wash-tubs. The house was crowded by a fashionable and appreciative audience, who welcomed the new-comers and the old favourites with every demonstration of approval.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

April 7th, 1874.

IGNACE GIBSONE.

Little bird, with lightsome wing,
Come and sing to me;
Warble all thy sweetest notes,
I will list to thee.
Would I could a lesson learn
By thy happy lay,
And as joyous be as thou—
Birdie, teach the way.
Sweet thy song, while on the flowers
Shines the fair, bright sun,
But when clouds obscure the scene,
Still thou singest on.
So would I, in life's rough way,
Should hope's dreams depart,
Still with patience, in the shade,
Keep a cheerful heart.—S. P. H.

BOSTON (U.S.)—The journals of this city inform us that an immense house honoured the last evening operatic performance of the season, and Miss Kellogg's first Boston benefit, *Il Trovatore* being the opera. The *bénéficiaire* herself was in a thoroughly artistic mood, and dressed as well as sang the part of Leonora with exquisite taste. Floral tributes of great elegance began to flow in early in the evening, and no more artistic or costly arrangement of flowers was ever got up for a *prima donna* in this city than was carried up to Miss Kellogg after the tower scene. If a lingering doubt remained in any mind of "our own" American *prima donna's* pre-eminent popularity in this city, last evening's scene must have dispelled it. Not only was the house packed literally from pit to dome—seats, aisles, and even lobbies, but there was a spontaneity and heartiness about the enthusiasm which showed that the great assembly was made up of warm friends, and there can be no doubt that the delight and gratification manifested was genuine.

LOHENGRIN IN NEW YORK.

(From the "Arcadian.")

The production in New York of Wagner's *Lohengrin* marks an epoch in the musical history of the world. Twenty-six years after its composition was finished, this opera is performed for the first time before an English-speaking audience. Moreover, it is the only opera fully exposing the composer's peculiar theories that has been produced in either England or America. The performances of the *Flying Dutchman* at Drury Lane were not forgotten when the preceding sentence was penned, but this opera is an early work, based on then existing models, and has since been repudiated by Wagner, who declares that it is not constructed on true principles. Great credit attaches to Mr. Strakosch for the representation of *Lohengrin*, a task so formidable in itself, and so little likely to prove remunerative, that the managers of the two great English Operahouses have shrunk from attempting it. Not only does its production entail a heavy pecuniary outlay for stage setting and increased chorus and orchestra, but the labour of rehearsal is infinite, and it is extremely difficult to induce singers to study music which has no definite rhythm to fix it in the memory, and to risk ruining their voices by the unavoidable strain undergone in performance. We can call to mind no instance, of late years, in which any operatic manager has produced in one season two such important novelties as *Aida* and *Lohengrin*. To have done so in America, where any old operas have hitherto been thought good enough by *impresarii*, and in the face of the depression in finances caused by the recent panic, is an accomplishment which entitles M. Strakosch to the gratitude and thorough confidence of our people.

How far the production of *Lohengrin* will advance the cause of the Futurists it is as yet difficult to determine. They urge that we must not go to hear *Lohengrin* with the same expectations of amusement that we attend the performances of other operas. Wagner's music, they say, appeals to the highest intellects, and if there be parts we cannot understand or appreciate, it is because we are not sufficiently educated. But let us examine for a moment the theories upon which Wagner erects his superstructures. He urges that in opera music should be subservient to the poem, and, as far as possible, illustrative of it. His music is composed from impressions formed by the reading of a certain story, and each gradation of feeling is desired to be adequately expressed by appropriate musical phrase. In his operas he purports to present his poem with the incidents acted, and at the same time the characters speaking their parts in musical phrases similar to those that would be created in the mind of a musician as the recitation of the poem was proceeded with. Wagner says, and rightly too, that for a man or woman to sing a long and tender love-song when in the agonies of dissolution is absurd. Therefore, he says, the nearer the music is brought to the singer's actual feelings the more perfect is the art of the composer. Now this sounds very plausible, but push the argument to its logical sequence, and what follows? Why, that the most perfect composer would be the man who would do away with music altogether. In real life men and women do not go about singing their conversation to the accompaniment of an orchestra. If then operatic music is to be a complete imitation of nature it will cease to be music. Opera is in itself an absurdity for the reasons above mentioned. The world has, however, been content to accept opera because of the beautiful music which operatic composers have written; but the absurdity being granted, the more nearly it is attempted to make the absurdity resemble the real the more palpable does the incongruity become. Thus then the legitimate outcome of Wagner's ideas is to abolish opera altogether. Some will say, if opera is an imperfect form of art, the sooner it is killed the better, but the world reaps too much enjoyment from lyric music to willingly let it die. Wagner's music has been forced into notoriety more by his essays than by its own merits. When his powerful pen is no longer wielded, his music will decline in popularity, till it is remembered only as one of the visionary ideas of the past. In nearly every art some enthusiasts have tried to push it beyond its proper limits, and though they may have found followers for a time, they have either ultimately abandoned their theories, or their deaths have been the signal for the dispersion of their adherents. Of such a nature

were the attempts made by Gibson and others to add increased beauty to statuary by tinting, and the Pre-Raphaelite movement among artists some twenty years ago. Of those persons who now call themselves Wagnerites not one-fifth are true in their professions, the remaining four-fifths pretending to admire him because they think that by so doing they show how superior they are in musical knowledge and appreciation to those who fail to discover truth in his theories or beauty in his works.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Good Friday Eve, as might have been expected, only a comparatively small audience patronised Covent Garden. But those who did attend were regaled with a lot of pretty tunes; in other words, with one of the most melodious of light Italian operas. The *Crispino e la Comare* of the Brothers Ricci is a work in the presence of which Herr Wagner would turn up his nose at the acutest angle possible, if only because the orchestra, that mighty engine of musical expression, is used as a gigantic guitar for the purpose of a strumming accompaniment. No doubt Herr Wagner would do right from his point of view; but there are operas and operas, and we see no reason why all of them should be capable of demonstration on the severest art principles. Let us have strong meat, by all means, as a staff of life; but surely a taste for trifles may be humoured now and then without serious results. The audience were evidently of this opinion. They followed the fortunes of the lucky cobbler with delight, laughed both at him and with him without restraint, and nodded their heads cheerily in time to the merry music. Much of this enjoyment was due to a capital performance, in which Mdle. Marimon took a distinguished and successful part. The clever artist and brilliant singer was well received on making her first appearance under Mr. Gye's auspices, and she soon demonstrated that her powers have increased rather than diminished since we last heard her in 1872. The part of Annetta suited her admirably, in what respects we need not say, while the music enabled her to exhibit all the astonishing command of vocalization which places her in the very front rank of sopranos. Of executive difficulties Mdle. Marimon seems to know nothing. She plays upon her voice as a consummate master of the violin plays upon his instrument; with the same fluency, and the same unerring accuracy. The lady's success last night was great, therefore, and, whether looked at from a dramatic or musical point of view, but little fault could be found with the new Annetta. The "Comare" had a fair representative in Mdle. Corsi, while Crispino, Mirabolano, and Fabrizio were played respectively by Signori Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Capponi. These important parts could hardly have had the advantage of more spirited assumptions, Signor Ciampi being full of his distinctive humour, and Signor Tagliafico presenting, as he always does, a finished character, the details of which showed a true artist. Of course the famous trio had to be repeated, though efforts were made to avoid compliance with the general desire. The minor *dramatis persone* were represented by Signor Sabater (Contino), Signor Fallar (Asdrubale), and Signor Rossi (Bartolo). Signor Vianesi conducted, the band and chorus under him being excellent.

Maria, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, was the second character played by Mdle. Marimon in this country, and the one which best revealed her powers as an exponent of lyric drama. Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, had previously made known the lady's great skill as a vocalist, but Donizetti's opera first showed that in a certain class of character her dramatic ability is by no means of a common order. We know very few artists who could present a more forcible, truthful, and natural portrait of the "Daughter of the Regiment" than Mdle. Marimon. She enters thoroughly into the spirit of the part, and reproduces the librettist's ideal with what seems to us perfect accuracy, adding thereto many a touch of nature which, whether spontaneous or the result of careful thought, makes the *vraisemblance* complete. This being the case, it was not at all surprising to find *La Figlia* in the Covent Garden programme on Tuesday, with the French soprano as the representative of its heroine. The performance proved to be in all respects a success; Mdle. Marimon playing with even more than her wonted spirit, and at the same time singing her very best. We need not enter into particulars respecting a

work and a representation so familiar. Suffice it that Mdle. Marimon achieved her greatest success in Maria's trio with the Marchese and Sulpizio, where the force of early association conquers that of altered circumstances, and the fine lady once more becomes the *Vivandière*. In this scene Mdle. Marimon has always been perfect, but she never acquitted herself to better purpose than on Tuesday night. Loud and prolonged applause at the close of the trio enforced its repetition, and stamped as successful the most trying episode in the performance. Instead of the short patriotic chorus with which Donizetti ended his work, Mdle. Marimon sang a valse aria by M. Mason—the same introduced by her during the season of 1871. Slight, but brilliant, and adapted to display the artist's vocal powers, this piece brought down the curtain amid tokens of unanimous approval. The other parts were sustained in a familiar manner, Madame Anese being the Marchese; Signor Bettini, Tonio; and Signor Ciampi, Sulpizio. Thus cast, it is hardly needful to remark that the opera was successfully represented.

On Thursday *Crispino e la Comare* was repeated, and last night Mdle. D'Angeri made her *rentrée*, as last year she made her *début*, in *L'Africaine*. To-night *Il Barbiere* will serve to introduce a new tenor, Signor Blume-Dorini.

WAIFS.

Herr Joachim left England for Berlin on Saturday last.

The band and pipers of the 42nd Highland Regiment will play at the Brighton Grand Aquarium to day.

Madame Milliano, an accomplished singer of Italian, Spanish, and French songs, has arrived in London for the season.

The death is announced, on April 4th, at Leamington, of Mrs. Torre, the eldest daughter of the once celebrated comedian, Robert William Elliston.

Mlle. Heilbron has returned to Paris. This charming songstress was engaged by Mr. Gye, by consent of Herr Maurice Strakosch, for two nights, owing to the temporary indisposition of Mdle. D'Angeri.

We have been requested to state that the third Amateur Orchestral Society's concert at the Royal Albert Hall will take place on Saturday, the 25th April, instead of the 11th inst., as previously announced. This concert is to be given in aid of the widows and orphans of the soldiers, sailors, and marines, who died during the Ashantee War. It will be under the especial patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburgh. A large and influential committee is being formed to promote the object for which this concert is to be given.

Mr. John Francis Barnett's oratorio, *The Raising of Lazarus*, is likely to become as popular as his *Ancient Mariner* and *Paradise and the Peri*. The oratorio is in course of preparation by several choral societies. The next performance of the work will be on a grand scale, by the "Philharmonic Society" at Reading, on Wednesday evening, April 22nd. The band and chorus number 150 performers, to which will be added a great many of our best London orchestral players. In order to show their respect to the composer, the Society have requested his presence, and have invited him to a complimentary supper after the performance of the oratorio.

OSBORNE.—The Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household in waiting had the honour of joining the Royal family in the Drawing-Room in the evening (Wednesday), when Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. W. G. Cousins, and Herr Ludwig Straus sang and played the following pieces:—

Lieder, "Der Doppelgänger" (Schubert), "Neue Liebe" (Mendelssohn), Miss Antoinette Sterling; Solo, violin, Herr Ludwig Straus; Song, "The Three Fishers" (Hullah), Miss Antoinette Sterling; Duo, pianoforte and violin, "Les Huguenots" (Thalberg and De Beriot), Mr. W. G. Cousins and Herr Ludwig Straus; Ballad, "Don't be sorrowful, darling" (Molloy), Miss Antoinette Sterling. At the pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cousins.

The same exciting dullness prevails here, there, and everywhere in Spain. The Republicans and the Carlists gain several victories daily, and seem to enjoy the fun—such as it is. Don Carlos spends an hour or two after dinner singing "Come per me Serrano," *Sonnambula*, while Serrano seems never tired of hearing the military bands play the overture to Verdi's *Don Carlos*. The slow fleet is helping the army to do nothing in particular, and at Madrid the streets are kept quiet and free from barricades by General Pavia, a great man for "putting down" what he wont put up with. In Barcelona the nut harvest will not be ready till the 5th of November, when the crackers are in season; while, down south, Cadiz is what Cadiz was—some say even more so, but that's doubtful.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

Madame Camillo Urso has recovered from the effects of the burns caused by the explosion of a lamp, mentioned in our last issue.

Extraordinary efforts are being made by the Committee of Management for the forthcoming festival dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain, to render it a memorable event. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who will honour the institution by presiding, has named Monday, April the 27th, as the date, and Willis's Rooms, St. James's as the place of meeting. By the postponement of the annual festival last year the society was a considerable loser. It is hoped that not only the deficiency will be made up this year, but that a large amount will be collected to show the appreciation of the musical public for the institution, and as a personal compliment to the Royal Prince, whose persuasive and unadorned eloquence on such philanthropic occasions is never exerted in vain.

An Italian gentleman recently arrived in New York. Being a lover of church music, on the first Sunday in the new world he inquired of the book-keeper of the Fifth Avenue Hotel where he could find the best church music. The quartet choir of Grace Church at that time being considered something extra, the gentleman was directed there, and shown into one of the best pews in the middle aisle, a lady occupying it with him. At the commencement of the first chant, Madame, with the usual politeness of American ladies, handed the stranger a book, pointing to the chant. The book was politely received, but soon closed and put down. At the second chant Madame repeated her offer, when, turning to her with a polite bow, the gentleman said, "Thank you kindly, but I seldom use the libretto."—*Watson's Art Journal*.

Our readers will be happy to learn that Mrs. German Reed, previous to securing a permanent locality for her celebrated Entertainment, has taken the St. George's Hall, in Regent Street, for the present season, which, owing to the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, is likely to be one of the most brilliant on record. The public have no doubt missed, at the commencement of the year, one of its most refined and polished amusements, and will be glad to see it re-established with all its attractive features, and with novelty promised to give increased zest to its enjoyment. The season, necessarily a short one, commences on the 20th of April, with one of the best and most popular productions of the Gallery of Illustration, *Ages Ago*, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the music of which is by Mr. Frederic Clay. This will be followed by a new and humorous sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, and by Mr. B. Rowe's *Charity begins at Home*, with the music by Mr. Alfred Cellier. The novelty which after a few nights is to succeed *Ages Ago*, is by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and is already in a forward state of preparation.

MISS ALICE MAY.—But best of all you liked Miss May as *Fleur-de-lis*, in *The Rose of Auvergne*. You confessed, as you saw that pretty operetta, that if Offenbach did not write it expressly for Miss May, he had somebody so exactly like her in his mind's eye that Miss May must have her double in Paris. Because it is impossible to imagine anyone more thoroughly fitted than she is to bring out the sparkling humour of the part. It is not only that she looks it to perfection, but that she enters so completely into the merry spirit which animates it. Her voice has just that agreeable ripple in it which suits the flow of the story. She sings the music as if she liked to sing, not as if she were conscious of being sat in judgment upon for singing. She laughs as if she had never known any trouble, and she cries—good heavens, how she cries!—as if nothing would ever pacify her again. If you should describe her as being rollicking, dashing, racy, piquant, arch, sparkling, and crisp, you would still feel you had not got hold of exactly the right word to express how much pleasure she gave you.—*The Australasian*.

The *Musical Standard* says:—

"We stand favoured with the scornful mention of Herr Ferdinand Präger. This is the gentleman, it may be recollected, who considers that Herr Richard Wagner 'exceeds everything and everybody.' Moreover Herr Präger, we perceive, is London correspondent of a German musical contemporary, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and it is in this paper that he takes his revenge for some difference of opinion between himself and us which was expressed in one of our recent numbers. 'You may form some idea,' writes Herr Präger from London to his newspaper, of what poor stuff (niedern Stufe) musical criticism here consists, when I tell you that, in mentioning a lecture I lately delivered before the Society of Arts, a reporter considers erroneous my natural and self-evident assertion that music is the art of expressing feelings by sounds. So far we have nothing to complain of: we did and do consider this definition erroneous, and are quite content to base the critical reputation of the *Musical Standard* upon the issue; but when Herr Präger goes on to add—What the writer considers music to be he does not state, it seems necessary to remind him that he is at least in error in this assertion. We did go on to say what we considered to be a true definition of music; and we repeat it as the turning-point of the whole question between Wagner's school and their English critics: music, we added, is not the art of expressing feelings by sound; it is a far wider thing—the art of giving pleasure by means of sound."

Tennyson lately wrote respecting a publication which resuscitated some of his earlier works; "I object to variorum readings. When the carpenter has made his table why should we treasure the chips? and when poems have been rejected, why not let them be rejected?—and as for biographical illustrations, etc., it seems to me that these had better wait till my death."

Apocryphos of the National Music Meetings, the Glasgow News says:—

"When the Musical Festival was brought to such a successful termination more than four months ago, a very general feeling existed that Glasgow was largely indebted to its Choral Union. We suggested at the time that if the citizens really wished to do something handsome for the Society, which had worked, without fee or reward, for thirty years, they could have an opportunity of doing so by subscribing to send the chorus up to the National Music Meetings at the Crystal Palace. These meetings are fixed for June 23rd, 25th, and 27th, on alternate days with the Handel Festival, and at the very season of the year when the Choral Union has least to do in its corporate capacity. The entries will close on the 1st of May, so now is the time for action. If the Welshmen—who have already taken honours at these meetings—can afford to send a large chorus to London for the purpose of taking part in the competition, surely Glasgow, with its wealth, enterprise, and public spirit, could do so likewise. In the event of our citizens grudging the money—which we do not believe—then the choir could be cut down to smaller proportions, so as to economise railway fares and other expenses. Under this altered form it would still be eligible for second or third class competitions. But we ought to compete in the first class, as befits our position in commerce and in art; and there is little doubt that if our chorus did enter it would bring back that Thousand Guinea Challenge Prize."

We abridge the following from the Boston (America) *Advertiser*:—

"Madame Camilla Urso's third concert was attended by an audience which occupied every seat. The first number of the programme was the Haydn quartet, Op. 64, No. 6. Each performer seemed inspired in rendering the airy life and delicacy of the opening movement; in the *Andante* Madame Urso's feathery touch and dreamy, almost vanishing tone, found an answering voice in the other parts, and produced a combination of blended grace and sweetness that has seldom been rivalled in this city. The sonata, Op. 24, for piano and violin, by Beethoven, was performed by Madame Urso and Mr. Richard Hoffman of New York. In this work Madame Urso's splendid technical ability as well as her remarkable powers of expression found full scope. Mr. Hoffman exhibited a clear and artistic understanding of the work, and interpreted it in a most admirable manner. His manner is easy, natural and quiet: his touch, while clear, sharp and accurate, has the true 'singing' quality, and his repose of style produces a sense of reserved power which adds greatly to the pleasure of the performance. In the Schubert trio for violin, violoncello and piano, Mr. Hoffman's playing was even more satisfactory, as it exhibited his ability as an artist in phrasing and the expression of refined feeling. Madame Urso's violin was particularly happy in the trio, and especially in the *rondo*, the bubbling vivacity and animation of which found full expression in her playing. As a whole this trio was one of the finest performances ever given in Boston, and brought out the warmest applause."

The close of the Popular Concert season, apart from the merits of the last performance, which took place on Monday night, cannot be allowed to pass by without a word of congratulation to the director on the admirable programmes, and the equally admirable selection of artists which he has brought forward week after week during the season. Our readers can doubtless recall the days when the term "Monday" Popular Concert was strictly correct, but that time has long since passed away, as now the Saturday recitals are as largely attended, and almost as regularly given from the beginning to the close of the season. The only cause for regret is that Mr. Chappell should think it needful to limit these unequalled entertainments to any particular season of the year. That there is much to be said in favour of the provision of high-class concerts at a period when their is an absolute dearth of orchestral concerts, we should be the last to deny, but although, after Easter, concerts multiply almost as quickly as the spring flowers, it seems altogether unfair that the "million" who love chamber music, and who are excluded from Professor Ella's *matinées* by the rules of admission, should be left without their weekly feast. That the attendance would fall off we can scarcely believe, for the music of the great masters may, without any descent to Telegraphese, be said to be absolutely perennial in its attractions, and therefore we are inclined to think that St. James Hall would never lack an audience if the same schemes were held forth. It is true that, amid his Continental engagements, Herr Joachim might not be able to prolong his stay, but the artists who played before his arrival are always available, and therefore Mr. Chappell need never be at a loss for a satisfactory quartet party. On the whole, then, we see ample reason to suggest that a series of performances might fitly be given, at any rate for some weeks after Easter, and we believe that the announcement of a second series would be hailed with general delight.

HAMBURG.—The programme of the Ninth Philharmonic Concert included Schumann's cantata, *Des Sängers Fluch*, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with Chorus. For some reason or other, the solo singers sent, at the last moment, to say they could not appear, and others had to be hurriedly engaged in their place. Besides, not being first-rate, the substitutes were not fully prepared; the consequence was that the concert went off somewhat tamely and unsatisfactorily.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBORN COCK.—"The Old Time," by Mrs. W. Cary Elwes.
STANLEY LUCAS & Co.—"The Birthday Festival Ode," by W. Spark, Mus. D.
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal" for April, edited by W. Spark, Mus. D.; "The Office of the Holy Communion," by W. H. Monk.
EVANS & Co.—"King Baby," "The Old Man's Darling," "Golden-tinted Clouds," "Glorias from Haydn's Imperial Mass," "I waited for the Lord," and "As pants the hart," by Berthold Tours.
A. HAMMOND & Co.—"Sing, and heave the cyprian" song, by Emile Rosati; "A Psalm of Love," by Christian Seidel; "Fleur du Matin" and "Napolitaine," by Henri Louis; "The Althertha Valse," by Emile Rosati; "La Ravissante," by J. Arthur Owen.
PHILLIPS, HART & Co. (Liverpool).—"Death before dishonour," "Song of the Ashantee Campaign," by Walter Burnet.
J. B. CRAMER & Co.—"The Black Watch," by Brinley Richards; "I love him so," by Kotschubey; "She's from Cork," by Henry Russell; "Toujours," "I'll remember thee," by Ursula Brook; "The loved can ne'er be lost," by Warlamoff; "The light heart," by S. Alice Sheppard.
ROBERT COOKS & Co.—"Extract from Mendelssohn's Second Concerto" and "Adagio from Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise," by George Frederick West; "When sparrows build," by Miss Lindsay; "The Land of Love," by Ciro Pinsuti.
AUGENER & Co.—"Romanza," "Am See im Wald," "O praise the Lord," and "The Hour of Rest," by Charles H. Shepherd.

Advertisements.

THE VOICE & SINGING BY ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.

Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

"The remarkable qualities of this book are the author's freedom from conventional trammels, the strong sense of his opinions, and the novelty yet evident soundness of his precepts; his work has consequently come into general use as a manual of vocal instruction."—*Daily News*.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE is universally acknowledged to be the most valuable remedy for sore throat, hoarseness and relaxed throat. It should always be taken before singing or reciting, as it strengthens the vocal organs. It is most extensively prescribed by the faculty for the throat and voice. Dr. Lewis of Basingstoke says he finds them most efficacious, and in Dr. Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine (Longman & Co.), they are strongly recommended at pages 872 and 1492. They are used by all the greatest vocalists and orators in Europe, and have been established over a quarter of a century. Testimonials from Patti, Grisi, Lablache, Santley, &c. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. by all Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

THE ART OF SINGING.

New Edition, Revised and Improved, of

A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR THE VOICE, By T. A. WALLWORTH.

A method as used by the Author for his pupils in the Royal Academy of Music, and upon which he has cultivated the voices of Miss Lucy Franklin, Mdle. Alwina Valleria, and other successful vocalists.

Full Music size, price 7s.

London: HAMMOND & Co. (late JULLIEN), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his residence, 86, Wimpole Street.

"THE DANCE OF THE GIPSIES."

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Composed by

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained, composed by WILLIAM CRAWFORD, "ALBION AND SCOTIA" (Fantasia) and a "REVERIE" for the Pianoforte, price 4s. each.

MESSRS.
HUTCHINGS & ROMER

BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT

Wallace's Celebrated Opera

MARITANA

WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED, WITH

ITALIAN & ENGLISH WORDS,

IN OCTAVO FORM.

THE ITALIAN WORDS BY

Sig. ZAFFIRA.

THE RECITATIVES COMPOSED BY

SIG. TITO MATTEI.

PRICE

In Paper Cover ... 5s. 0d.
Bound in Cloth ... 7s. 6d.

PUBLISHED BY

HUTCHINGS & ROMER,
9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London, W.

NEW
PIANOFORTE MUSIC

BY

STEPHEN HELLER.

"DEUX INTERMÈDES DE
CONCERT."

Op. 135.

No. 1 in G minor. No. 2 in E minor.

Price **FOUR SHILLINGS** each.

"DANS LES BOIS."

(TROISIÈME SÉRIE.)

SIX MORCEAUX.

Op. 136.

	s. d.		s. d.
No. 1. Dans les bois ...	4 0	No. 4. Caspar. Couplet	3 0
2. Max ...	3 0	5. Annette et Agathe	3 0
3. Agathe ...	3 0	6. Fleurs sauvages	3 0

"SIXIÈME TARENTELLE."

Op. 137, No. 1.

Price **FOUR SHILLINGS.**

"SEPTIÈME TARENTELLE."

Op. 137, No. 2.

Price **FOUR SHILLINGS.**

"ALBUM POUR LA
JEUNESSE."

Op. 138.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Price **FIVE SHILLINGS** each.

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,
HANOVER SQUARE

CHAPPELL & CO.'S PEOPLE'S HARMONIUM

SOLID DARK OAK CASE.

BY
ALEXANDRE.

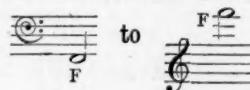
Price FOUR GUINEAS.



Registered 22nd January, 1874.

SIZE—Length, 2 ft. 6 in.; Depth, 11 in.; Height, 2 ft. 9½ in.

Compass, 4 Octaves,



This Harmonium has been designed expressly to meet the frequent demands made for a small instrument of good quality of tone, and at a price within the reach of all. By the aid of newly invented machinery, and the combined resources of Messrs. ALEXANDRE's large manufactory, CHAPPELL & Co. can now offer the above marvel of cheapness, elegance, and good quality of tone, for Four Guineas. It will be found invaluable for small Class Room, Cottage, or Library. As a musical *cadran* it will be appreciated both for its sweet tone and pleasing appearance.

Also, with Celeste Stop, One Row and a-half of Vibrators,

Price FIVE GUINEAS.

CHAPPELL & CO.,
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

MESSRS.
BOOSEY & CO.

HAVE

REMOVED

FROM

HOLLES STREET

TO

295,

REGENT STREET

ADJOINING THE

POLYTECHNIC.